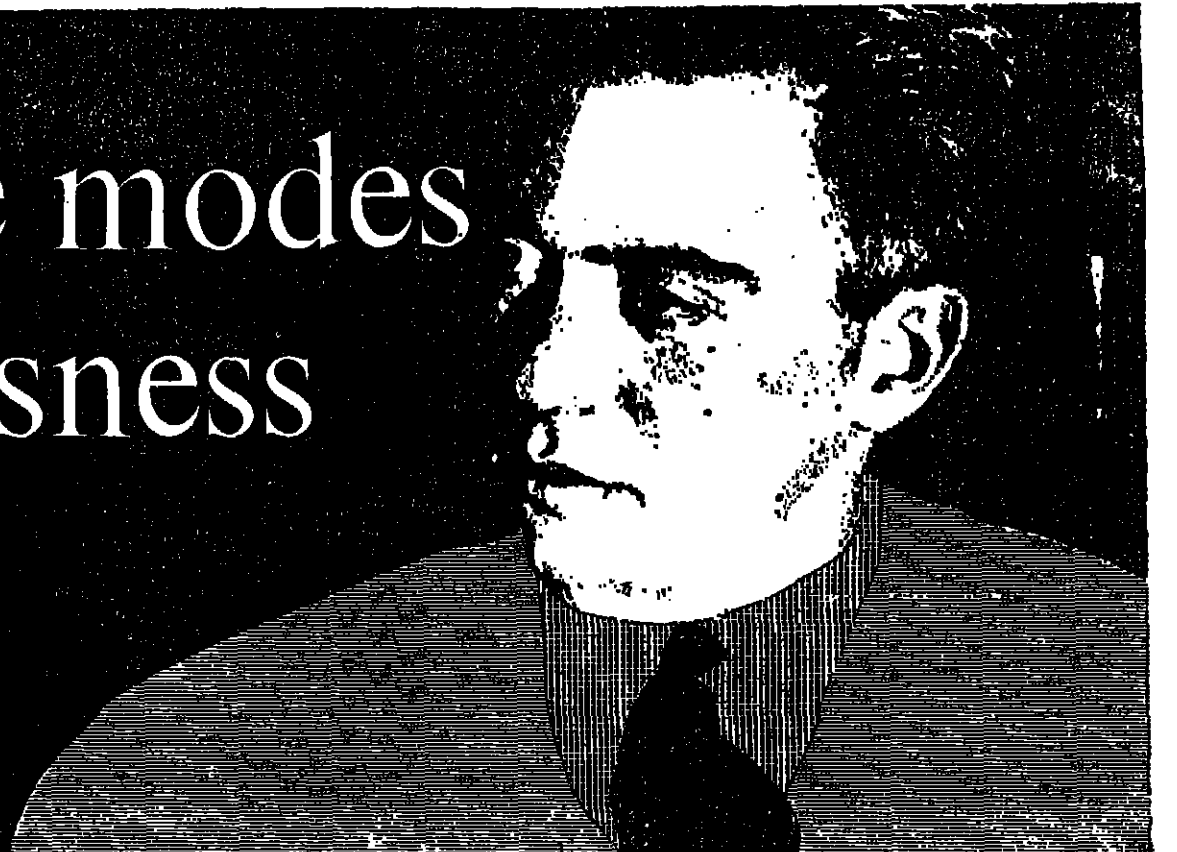


# Altering the modes of consciousness

THE ECSTATIC, INFINITE  
IDEALISM OF HART CRANE



**BROM WEBER** (Editor): *The Complete Poems and Selected Letters and Prose of Hart Crane*. 298pp. Oxford University Press. £2 2s.  
**W. BUTTERFIELD**: *The Broken Arc: A Study of Hart Crane*. 276pp. Oliver and Boyd. £3 15s.

OVER THE past twenty years Brom Weber has established himself as the foremost authority on the life and work of Hart Crane. In 1948 appeared his *Hart Crane: A Biographical and Critical Study*, in some respects an uneven and oddly organized book, but also one that was impressive both in the extensiveness of its research, and in the cogency of much of its argument and evaluative conclusions. It also contained some valuable appendixes, where were to be found early uncollected poems, appreciations of fellow-artists which Crane had published in various small magazines, and poems in progress taken from a manuscript. It was a most welcome successor to Philip Horton's more anecdotal biography. Years later Professor Weber produced his edition of *The Letters of Hart Crane*. In spite of the hectic nature of his life, Crane was a prolific and discursive correspondent (with Waldo Frank, Allen Tate, Gorham Munson, and Malcolm Cowley, especially), and his letters rank among the finest of the age.

Most recently Oxford University Press have brought out, two years after its American publication, Professor Weber's edition of *The Complete Poems and Selected Letters and Prose of Hart Crane*, which in effect supersedes the Doubleday paperback *Complete Poems*. Apart from a new order of contents and a more spacious typographical arrangement of *The Bridge* (the glosses, as in the original Black Sun Press edition, being printed alongside the poem on the facing pages rather than inserted parenthetically into the text), this volume differs from its predecessor in several important respects. It includes many additional poems, most of which appeared in the appendixes of Professor Weber's critical biography; a number of prose writings (reviews, statements of aims and poetics, several of his most interesting letters); and detailed notes on the quite numerous minor alterations, based upon intensive study of manu-

scripts and final drafts. In his introduction, Professor Weber talks of a future variorum edition; but the general reader of modern poetry must feel grateful enough already that the poet has had such a diligent and scholarly admirer.

Gratitude can also be extended to Mr. R. W. Butterfield for his painstaking, always sensible, study of Crane's life and work. Mr. Butterfield writes well, combines commentary and biography in a discreetly skilful manner, and—although his approach is rather more exegetical than critical—is rarely prone to the kind of sterile over-ingenuity which afflicts so many academic efforts to cope with Crane's more baffling obscurities. If his book's scholarly machinery often seems a bit too mechanical—i.e. we find Mr. Butterfield footnoting his own "These supposed jazz rhythms have attracted considerable attention and admiration" with the hardly helpful "For instance, Joseph Frank, 'Hart Crane: American Poet', S.R., LVII (Winter 1949) believes it to be 'the finest embodiment of the feelings evoked by modern jazz—or at least the jazz of the twenties'—it is never irritatingly obtrusive. All in all, a sound guide to a subject on whom it is very easy to be unsound.

Born in 1899, the only child of wealthy parents who had separated by the time he was ten, Crane grew up mainly in a prosperous suburb of Cleveland. With his earliest memories consisting of parental rows ("the curse of sundered parentage"), and with his later childhood spent in a household dominated by women, in particular by a mother almost frantic in her possessiveness, he emerged into manhood, robust and energetic enough, but a confirmed (and often insatiable) homosexual. His formal education ended when he was seventeen, and he was thus left without any special qualifications at a time when there were nearly six million men out of work in the United States. Between periods of unemployment he worked as a shop assistant and salesman, until in 1923 he found—for a few years and intermittently—a small measure of satisfaction as an advertising copywriter in New York.

Crane's mother was an ardent Christian Scientist, and though her son never subscribed to the dogma of Christian Science, he did admit that at an early age his psychology and mental processes had been permeated by it. The material world, which seemed to offer him such fragile happiness and health of emotion, became for him a secondary order of truth. His spirit's task was

to discover the primary reality, which existed only in the realm of the visionary imagination—to become one with God, it might be said, were not the crucial point that Crane's God was but the destinationless soaring of his own imagination. And in virtually all the poets and philosophers who inspired him—in Plato, Blake, Whitman, Nietzsche, Rimbaud, and Ouspensky—he discerned encouragement for this ecstatic, infinite idealism. Consequently, the larger part of his poetry is a record of his attempt to transform (or to transcend—his inheritance from American Transcendentalism being obvious enough) a hideous material reality, whether it be his personal experience (as in many of his short poems), the contemporary megalopolitan world ("For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen"), or America and its history (*The Bridge*).

This insistent optimism was in fact a cause both of his alcoholism and of his later despair. For the actuality of his life was dismal indeed. It was composed of exhausting relationships with an uncomprehending, though at times well-intentioned, father, and with an overly attentive mother; of the lingering, painful confusion that always succeeded the brief joys of his homosexual friendships; and of unemployment which soon reduced

him to lethargy, alternating with time-consuming employment which frustrated his poetic impulses. To anaesthetize himself against such experience, to convince himself that his philosophical idealism was valid and his visionary optimism justified, to enable himself to live and write "at the pitch that is near madness", he began to drink. By his early twenties his alcoholic tendencies were conspicuous; in his late twenties he was the most notorious and violent drinker of the American literary world. (Today he would doubtless have chosen different substances to transform his consciousness.) What is relevant in this context is the absence in his letters of comment upon contemporary social and political matters, whether the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the collapse of the Stock Market, or even the inconveniences of prohibition. Society, or the possibility of changing it, did not concern him. The material world was an element that the individual, in changing himself by whatever means, must transcend.

Crane began writing poetry while still at school. His first short poems of distinctive accomplishment started to appear around 1919 and 1920; his first major sequence, "For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen", was completed in 1923; and his first volume, *White Buildings*, was published in 1926. In that year a loan from the banker, Otto Kahn, helped him to get down to some consistent work on *The Bridge*, the idea for which had come to him three years previously. He went to stay on the Isle of Pines off the coast of Cuba and there wrote within a few weeks, during an amazing burst of creative activity, a number of fine lyrics and most of the better sections of *The Bridge*. Thereafter will, inspiration, and control of his immense poetic project deserted him, and for two years he wrote almost nothing at all. In 1928 he spent several unproductive months in Los Angeles, on occasions getting himself beaten up in waterfront bars by sailors he found irresistible. The following year he spent an equally unproductive period in France, doing battle this time with the Paris police.

Returning to the United States, he at last managed to complete *The Bridge* to his partial satisfaction in the autumn of 1929. On the strength

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J. H. C. S.



of this poem he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship and in 1931 went to Mexico. He remained there for a year, writing little, drinking continuously, now dangerous, violent, suicidal. In the early months of 1932 he had his first full relationship with a woman. But such joyous discovery could not long content him now; despair and self-destructiveness were too deeply ingrained. And after a bout of drinking more furious than ever, on the boat that was taking him back to New York, he woke up one morning, walked along the deck, and jumped into the sea. That was in April, 1932, three months before his thirty-third birthday.

Crane's earliest poetry rings with echoes of the fin-de-siècle poets. Within a year or two the light imprints of Pound's imagist techniques and of Stevens's verbal textures are noticeable; somewhat later, especially in the "Voyages" sequence, the importance for him of Melville's sea writings becomes evident; and such "rediscoveries of America" as Waldo Frank, D. H. Lawrence, and William Carlos Williams inspired and enriched his conception of *The Bridge*. But the predominant influence, both direct and indirect, upon Crane's development as a poet was provided by the temperamental and philosophical opposite, T. S. Eliot. First, this was in terms of those areas of poetry which Eliot more than anyone else had introduced to a wider audience: the French symbolists, in particular Laforgue, whose ironic perspective replaced, for a time (in such poems as "Chaplinesque" and "Praise for an Urn"), Crane's earlier Dowsonian self-pity; and the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, whose influence upon him was more permanent and complete with respect to language, rhetorical pitch, and the movement of his blank verse. Secondly, there is a close similarity between the two poets in their attitudes towards contemporary urban life, and in the poetic means of expressing those attitudes (e.g. "The Tunnel").

Thirdly, the impression made on him by Eliot's early work is conspicuous exactly in the extent to which he found it necessary to refute the elder poet's pessimism and world-weariness. His hostility to *The Waste Land* was no less strong than Williams's; it was "good, of course, but so damned dead." "I would apply as much of [Eliot's] erudition and technique as I can absorb and assemble toward a more positive, or, as he might say, 'ecstatic' goal," he wrote, as he was finishing "For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen", that "positive, ecstatic" riposte to *The Waste Land*. And *The Bridge*, which was conceived shortly after the completion of "For the Marriage of Faustus

and Helen" as "a new cultural synthesis of values in terms of our America", was to be a still more ambitious assertion of possibilities that the expatriate poet had denied. "I begin to feel myself directly connected with Whitman," he wrote now, the choice having become one between Eliot, the tempter whom he must get behind him, and Whitman, the saviour who would clasp his hand and guide him onwards in "Cape Hatteras". Eliot was thus the principal formative influence upon Crane. And it was for just this reason that Crane's debt to Whitman was primarily philosophical and psychological, to a lesser extent structural and imagistic, and hardly at all linguistic or rhythmic, because, some time before Whitman became important to him, Crane had learned the language of negation from the author of *The Waste Land*, and of affirmation from the Jacobean and Elizabethan masters extolled by the author of *The Sacred Wood*.

Crane wrote some of the most powerful and affecting of modern short poems, and also some of the most imperceptibly obscure, in which, unable to resolve the painful contradictions in his life and thought, he retreated behind esoteric allusion and arcane symbolism. In his "General Aims and Theories" he attempted to justify and rationalize these obfuscating tendencies by expounding a neo-Rimbaudian "logic of metaphor", citing the early work of L. A. Richards as authority. Nevertheless, it is hard to defend on any terms the close secrecy of such lines as these from "Lachrymae Christi", even though they were long ago ingeniously paraphrased into intelligibility by R. P. Blackmur:

Let sphinxes from the tape  
Horage of death have cleared my tongue  
(Once and again: vermin and rot  
No longer blind. Some sentiment cloud  
Of tears flows through the tendoned  
loom;  
Betrayed stones slowly speak.

In this respect, Crane's obscurity is quite different in kind from that of Stevens, for the "base meaning" of many such passages is often relatively simple. The pity is that this notorious obscurity has misdirected so much energy into laborious explication, when - however many questions may be begged in the saying of it - Crane's is a poetry in which aural resonance is frequently more important than reducible meaning, and whose coherence is frequently symbolic or imagistic rather than rational.

Nearly all Crane's poetry assumes this "fundamental truth": that the quotidian world is illusory but, through illusory, palpable enough to be intolerable; and that therefore it is imperative that by some means it shall be evaded or imaginatively

transformed. The poems he wrote throughout his life at times when his imagination lay inert and he was blind to vision speak continually of his loneliness, anguish, and distress of mind. The earliest of these imitate in both language and posture, the languid melancholia of the fin-de-siècle generation; but around his twenty-first year he had learned, principally from Laforgue, a more complex, ironic point of view, which prevails in both direct, confessional poems, like "The Wine Menagerie", and in those poems in which he presents his own frustration or sense of superiority vicariously, such as "Chaplinesque" and "Black Tambourine".

The black man, forlorn in the cellar,  
Wanders in some mid-kingdom, dark,  
that lies,  
Between his tambourine, stuck on the wall.  
And, in Africa, a carcass quick with flies.

However, typically (American dreamer that he was), the ironic temper never became deeply ingrained in him. And more characteristically than a recognition of the ironic discrepancy between desire and actuality is the agonized "record of rage and partial appetites" of "Possessions"; the other poems in *White Buildings*; the "slow evaporation" of many of the fine Caribbean lyrics in *Key West*, a posthumously published volume; and the sharp or, worse still, dull despair of the poems of his last year of life:

Friendship agony! words came to me  
at last shyly. My only final friends -  
the wren and thrush, made solid print  
for me  
as were they  
the audible ransom, crown of my faith  
toward something far, now farther than  
ever away!

A larger number of poems are concerned less with the direct expression of such lived and felt experience than with the urgent necessity of transcending it. This transcendence might be achieved by an exultant alteration of the mode of consciousness, as in "Sunday Morning Apples"; or it might be reached after a purgatorial journey through suffering and torment either to the higher joy of "Lachrymae Christi" and "The Broken Tower", or to the sibilant peace of "Repose of Rivers".

And finally, in that memory all things move:  
After the city that I finally passed  
With scolding unguents spread and  
smoking darts  
The moonbeam cut across the delta  
At golf gates . . . There, beyond the  
dike,  
I heard wind flaking sapphires, like this  
summer,  
And willows could not hold more steady  
sumid.

His first poem, "For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen", represents an expansion of this energy from the experience and imaginative potentiality of one man to that of modern society (at least of urban, American society) as a whole. The three-part poem is Crane's answer to *The Waste Land*, and Eliot is certainly foremost in his mind when he castigates in the third section those "Who dare not share with us the breath released, / The substance drilled and spent beyond repair". Amidst a familiar poetic scenery of urban listlessness and joyless pleasure-seeking, and of the international violence of the First World War, Faustus, "the symbol of myself, the poetic or imaginative man of all times", still manages to keep faith in Helen, symbol of the "abstract sense of beauty" and to proclaim an exhilarated optimism:

Distinctly praise the years, whose volatile  
Blamed bleeding hands extend and  
thresh the height

The imagination spans beyond despair,  
Outpacing bargain, vocable and prayer.  
But the faith proclaimed hardly convinces. The absolute optimism of the final lines is achieved only by an enforced act of the individual will, the will to optimism. The real is here; the ideal there; the gulf between is vast; and yet, inspired by alcohol or by the gathering momentum of his blank verse, Faustus-Crane leaps out over the abyss, "threshing the height", like Icarus.

The other poetic sequence in *White Buildings*, the series of six "Voyages" completed in 1925, is both more resplendent and less bombastic, more complex and less obscure than "For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen"; and perhaps a further reason for its superiority over the earlier poem is that Crane here does not flinch from acknowledging certain kinds of irreconcilability between the world and his idealism. The first four "Voyages" move gradually towards a state of transcendence, with both syntax and plane of consciousness becoming increasingly extrarational; but the fifth poem pauses to recognize that such a state cannot be maintained within time, that it cannot permanently remove the experience of material reality, that it is literally a dream-state from which the dreamer must awaken.

Having admitted that the "poetic and imaginative man" is subject to time and matter, to decay and death, Crane can then go on to celebrate in the final poem an ultimate triumph, at least within the perpetually recreating world of the imagination. "Voyages" represents a tempering of the total optimism Crane had recorded in "For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen", some sort of reconciliation with the immalleable world. Its concluding

stanza, though scarcely an example of Crane's best poetry, is serenely assured, rather than hysterically assertive:

The imagined Word, it is, that holds  
Hushed willows anchored in its glow.  
It is the unbefrayed reply  
Whose accent no farewell can know.

However, fine many of Crane's shorter poems may be, his major achievement is, of course, *The Bridge*. The poem was begun in 1922, at a time when Crane felt that he had "lost the last shreds of philosophical pessimism". Parts of the finale were written during this year, for which Crane knew first was how the poem was to end - in a ringing glorification of the possibility, though not, certainly not, the actuality of America - in a celebration of an ideal, hoping to bridge and "mystical synthesis". The poem then gestated in his mind for three years, gestating in the mind of the Western poet, the whilst intermittently he read the authors who were to have direct influence upon its form and argument - Whitman, Lawrence, Frank, Melville, Prescott, Columbus's *Journal*, the wild, at last on the Isle of Pines, where man was seized with a frenzied and felt "an absolute musings of the spirit, bridges in the air". He wrote about half between man and the undiscovered poem at this time, including nearly all the most successful sections. But, this journey can be undertaken the poem was still not completely after the spoliation of the New there were gaps which would hardly which Columbus found has to be filled in if it were to possess an atoned for. Hence, there follows internal coherence. He returned a long "Powhatan's Daughter", America, buoyant and confident, on Pocahontas, symbolic "body of to feel that confidence evaporate interiorly", before the white man's more than two years of silence. In 1929 he was so dejected about his inability to make any further progress that he both spatial and greased with *The Bridge* that Harry and/or, from time-enslaved, industrial Crosby could persuade him New York to the timelessness land which Columbus never reached, and thus a completion of his quest. It is a bridge to imaginative glory. The verse swells as it would burst from the body of language. Words strain to breaking-point under the visionary will, as the ecstatic vision is achieved:

From gulfs unfolding, terrible of drums,  
Tall Vision - of the Voyage, tensely  
spare -  
Bridge, lifting him to cyclotomic crest  
Of deepest day - O Choir, translating  
time

Into what multitudinous Verb the sun  
And synergy of waters ever fuse, recast  
In myriad syllables - Psalm of Cathay!  
O Love, thy white, pervasive  
Paradigm . . .

But, for all the celestial exultance, the poem ends not with a statement of certainty, but with a question: "Is it Cathay?" And of course it is not Cathay, in the fundamental sense that Crane's visionary journey can have no end in place or time or even in imagination. Cathay is but a name for that "beyond", that "still one shore beyond desire", which beckons the soaring spirit. When the energy behind that ceaseless aspiration gave out, for Crane the fall from those ecstatic heights proved fatal.

In the late 1860s Crane's hero, Walt Whitman, had concluded his

Meisterlanger, thou set breath in  
the recliner of vision. Taking  
rotagonist by the hand, he guides  
onward:

Meisterlanger, thou set breath in  
the recliner of vision. Taking  
rotagonist by the hand, he guides  
onward:

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onward:

Meisterlanger, thou set breath in  
the recliner of vision. Taking  
rotagonist by the hand, he guides  
onward:

Meisterlanger, thou set breath in  
the recliner of vision. Taking  
rotagonist by the hand, he guides  
onward:

And it was thou who on the boldest  
heel  
Stood up and flung the span on even  
wing  
Of that great Bridge, our Myth, where  
of I sing!

If the poem had ended here, it would have been just another record of automatic American optimism, evading the dark side of American life. Thus Crane, like Dante before him, must pass through inferno; through "Three Songs", improvisations upon the theme of woman, who has been central to the poem in the shape of Pocahontas, "the body of America", but who in this modern America appears as infertile, degraded, or trivialized; through "Quaker Hill", a lament over the disintegration of the culture and traditions of New England; down into the inferno, "The Tunnel", appropriately symbolized by the New York subway. "The Tunnel" is the one section in which Crane pours all his personal agony and desolation, where "love is a burnt match skating in a urinal", where men are "caught like pennies beneath soot and steam", and where life has only "hideous laughter" to offer. But all tunnels end and emerge into the open air; and Crane's tunnel emerges into the final section, "Atlantis".

Here the New York subway comes out by Brooklyn Bridge. It is night, but no ordinary night; it is a night of visionary illumination, in which the irradiated bridge is now a link between the actuality of America and the ideal conception America has been in the minds of visionaries. It is a bridge to the lost Atlantis, the golden land sunk in the Western ocean. It is a bridge to Cathay, the land which Columbus never reached, and thus a completion of his quest. It is a bridge to imaginative glory. The verse swells as it would burst from the body of language. Words strain to breaking-point under the visionary will, as the ecstatic vision is achieved:

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In myriad syllables - Psalm of Cathay!  
O Love, thy white, pervasive  
Paradigm . . .

In the late 1860s Crane's hero, Walt Whitman, had concluded his

"Passage to India" by culling upon  
men to  
Sail forth - clear for the deep waters,  
only.  
Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee,  
and thou with me,  
For we are bound where mariner has  
not yet dared to go.  
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and  
all.

O my brave soul!  
O farther farther sail!  
O during joy, but safe! are they not all  
the sea of God?  
O farther, farther, farther sail!

Thus did Crane sail. But twenty years earlier, in the year of the California gold-rush and the last of his own life, Poe, whose tortured visage Crane confronted in "The Tunnel", had recognized that El Dorado (or Cathay or Atlantis) is "Over the Mountains/Of the Moon/Down the Valley of the Shadow", ever beyond reach, until light turns into dark. And in 1851 Melville created Ahab, sailing all his personal agony and desolation, where "love is a burnt match skating in a urinal", where men are "caught like pennies beneath soot and steam", and where life has only "hideous laughter" to offer. But all tunnels end and emerge into the open air; and Crane's tunnel emerges into the final section, "Atlantis".

Disciple of Whitman - and through Whitman of Emerson - spiritual kinsman of Ahab (and of Ishmael too - an Ishmael who "escaped to tell thee" in "Voyages", but who later lost that sense of pervasive harmony). Crane is in the mainstream of the most essentially and peculiarly American experience. His language and verse movement, learnt at an early age from Eliot, and employed to express visionary ecstasies utterly alien to the expatriate poet, rendered him splendidly and uniquely eccentric as far as the formal or rhetorical or linguistic development of modern American poetry is concerned. Simply, who has learnt from Crane, as they have learnt from Pound or Eliot or Williams, from Stevens or Ransom or Olson? But that he is nevertheless right there at the centre of American imaginative experience, in all its grandeur and tragedy and folly, is betokened by the number of poets of a later generation who have addressed his ghost - Robert Lowell and Robert Creeley, to name but two distinctive voices. And where are all the acid-heads going now? And how many more are now searching for Pocahontas? And isn't Donovan's song called "Atlantis"?

The last stanzas of his poem, "At Melville's Tomb", may serve as his own epitaph:

Then in the circuit calm of one vast coil,  
Its insinuating charm and malice recon-  
ciled,  
Frosted eyes there were that lifted  
ultra;  
And silent answers crept across the  
stars.  
Compass, quadrant, and sextant con-  
fused;  
No farther tides . . . High in the azure  
steeps  
Monody shall not wake the mariner.  
This fabulous shadow only the sea  
keeps.



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### Life in the study

OGDEN: Isaac D'Israeli.  
Oxford: Clarendon Press; Oxford University Press. 35s.

described Isaac D'Israeli as Bayle of literary speculation". He wrote several books of limited value on history and taste, and edited other books of literary curiosities, anecdotes, and miscellanies, all of considerable greater value. He knew Byron, Scott, Keats, and was one of the first to publish Blake. His friendship with Murray (until the estrangement caused by the publication of *Gray's*) meant that he was involved in the founding of the *Quarterly Review*. He was the first to become an English man of letters. And, of course, he was the father of Benjamin Disraeli. Biography was obviously needed. It is now supplied by Mr. Ogden, who provides much information about D'Israeli's works, detailing their content and commenting on them, and tell-

ing us about their reviews and later publication history. The critical comment is somewhat disappointing, although to be fair to Mr. Ogden it would require the courage and tenacity of an Edmund Wilson to convey any real feeling of what a book such as *Curiosities of Literature* is like. But comments like "[it] can be recommended for long train journeys" give the impression of a mind not working at its full stretch.

The documents seem to have allowed few personal touches. Like his son he was effusive in dress, but unlike him he was dull in conversation. But it cannot really be said that D'Israeli comes alive in these pages. Mr. Ogden has no trouble in showing that D'Israeli's memoir, which portrays a dear old man in a book-lined study, romanticizes his father - D'Israeli could be quarrelsome and waspish in his dealings with other writers. But surely D'Israeli was not entirely wrong to suggest that his father's emotional life found its fulfilment in the study. His politics show him as one who is disengaged: he

sympathized with the French Revolution at first, and then published a novel called *Vaurien* directed against revolutionary sympathizers in England. He was a Tory, yet repelled by the Toryism of the *Quarterly Review*. In religion he was a liberal Jew, and appropriately found a haven in the Church of England. Clearly his ambivalent position as a Jew accounts for much that is puzzling, yet he still remains enigmatic.

Mr. Ogden covers his ground dutifully. There is one very funny sentence in this book, but unfortunately the humour is probably unintentional: "The strong evangelical party was insisting that Christians owed the Jews a debt of shame for the past centuries of persecution and societies were founded for converting them to Christianity."

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# Imp or imperialist?

PHILLIP KNIGHTLEY and COLIN SIMPSON: *The Secret Lives of Lawrence of Arabia*. 289pp. Nelson. 42s.

RICHARD ALDINGTON: *Lawrence of Arabia*. Introduced by Christopher Sykes. 448pp. Collins. 42s.

"You little imp!" Sir Reader Bullard tells in his memoirs how T. E. Lawrence was for once nonplussed when Gertrude Bell thus turned on him for making some *enfant terrible* remark during a serious discussion at the Cairo Conference of 1921. "He went red to the ears and said nothing." Impishness is one of the qualities that any writer about his life must try to analyse, both because it was part of his attraction and because it caused him to take an evil delight in baffling a world that loves a good romance. Indeed, he can be quoted to prove almost any theory: for instance, that he knew all along of British intentions of "conceding Syria" to the French (to D. G. Hogarth, March, 1915), as against his "No, Sir, I know nothing about it" (to Allenby, October, 1918); or his famous guilt-complex about Britain's swindle of the Arabs with promises of independence ("I had to join the conspiracy"), as against "So we were quit of the wartime eastern adventure with clean hands." The first task of any biographer is to explain why so mixed-up a kid was respected and loved by Winston Churchill and Thomas Hardy, Edmund Allenby and Lionel Curtis, Basil Liddell-Hart and George Bernard Shaw.

In these two books, for the most part, the two biographers are in agreement. It is that by Christopher Sykes in his short introduction to the 1969 reprint of Richard Aldington's biography—a book that caused delight in France and a furore in Britain when it debunked a British hero in 1955. Mr. Sykes is well versed in oddities (he is the biographer of Orde Wingate) and he knows how to recapture their attractive side. His preface rightly pinpoints by far the most sympathetic and endearing description of Lawrence's maddest years that has yet been put on paper, which is that in the Peace Conference entries of Colonel Meinertzhagen's *Middle East Diary, 1917-1956*. Mr. Sykes also picks out from earlier biographies the most credible explanation of Lawrence's self-immolation after the First World War, which is that much as medieval penitents went into monasteries and put themselves under rule, so Lawrence chose to be borne along inside a moral package as a private in the services rather than trudge the open road.

Mr. Aldington came to dislike Lawrence and meant to be cruel; Mr. Knightley and Mr. Simpson mean to be just. At one point they label him "likeable". But they never succeed, as Meinertzhagen succeeded, in arousing affection for him. Rather the other way about. For the quotations they select from admirers as well as critics are on balance adverse: "His motive [for an indiscretion] is solely to justify himself in the eyes of the people who helped to overthrow the Turks through his influence" (Hubert Young, 1919); "... his unfortunate love of drawing a veil of mystery over himself" (Air Vice-Marshal Sir Oliver Swann, 1922); "Lawrence is not normal in many ways" (this idol, D. G. Hogarth, 1923); "No, no quarrel, no impenetrable wall" (Mrs. George Bernard Shaw, undated). "Poor tragic being", adds Lionel Curtis, but too late to arouse pity or compassion.

The new book is by the *Sunday Times*'s "insight" team of journalists, and the plural lives of its dramatic title are four (or six if one counts two that are blown up to life size on evidence that is distorted or misread). Only one of the four is secret.

Three are familiar from earlier biographies and from the volumes of published letters; some new material is added by means of quotation from recently opened files in the Public Record Office in London and from private papers in libraries at Oxford to which the authors gained access; these dot a few "I"s, and are interesting to read, but add little of importance to the known story. The three tales retold are those of the relatively contented boy, undergraduate and medieval historian turning his mind to archaeology and revelling in solitary travel, of the war and post-war hero during his years of power, and of the dedicated worker on R.A.F. speedboats during the last few contented years of his life.

In between falls the period (1922-29) that David Garnett called "The Years of Hide and Seek". About this "life" the authors have discovered some wholly new material. It coincides with the years of self-abasement, part of which Lawrence himself described in *The Mirror*, and includes periods of indigence as a civilian which were quite unnecessary, since All Souls College had on his own showing given him "leisure to write about the Arab Revolt". The seclusion and novelty stem from the revolutions of a brash, Scot who was seized while Lawrence's mother was alive, but who after her death felt free to sell his story. This, here checked by a psychiatrist, is that when he was nineteen and Lawrence thirty-three, Lawrence hired his strong right arm to administer periodic beatings. This distasteful process, which lasted off and on for fifteen years, was carried out to satisfy the lusts of a family curmudgeon, invented by Lawrence—"the Old Man"—who paid for the thrashings in order that Lawrence should exclaim "dragging the family name through the gutters", inter alia by insulting a bishop and the King.

Students of masochism will be interested in this part of the book. It also affords chances of discussing the possibility that Lawrence was homosexual, as well as the notorious incident at Deraa, where he sometimes claimed that the Turkish Bey had recognized him, raped him and let him go, and at others that this story was moonshine. (At this point the reader's heart warms to Bernard Shaw: "I forbore to ask him what actually happened.") Anyway, research on behalf of the authors by an Arab scholar reveals that the Bey in question was a known womanizer, so that the conclusion is the usual one that nothing is proven, but that Lawrence, as some have said all along, was repelled by physical contact of all kinds.

The two manufactured "lives" are built up from single facts on to which wrong guesses have been tacked—wrong either because the authors lack a sense of historical sequence, and so produce war or postwar writings as evidence for pre-war years, or because their researchers who galloped through the jungle of the Public Record Office photographed only papers mentioning Lawrence, so that his ideas are often judged out of context and in ignorance of those of other men and other Government departments. These failings lead to assumptions that stay as far from accuracy as does a computer into which a wrong digit has been fed.

To give examples: one "life" is "trained for war" from 1911 by D. G. Hogarth (then the Director of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford) and absorbing "via Hogarth Table"—precepts which led them to these ancient lands could be coloured red—not by conquest, but by example and persuasion". It is well known that two archaeologists, Woolley and Lawrence, were in January, 1914, used by Kitchener, then British Consul-General in Egypt, as cover for

a military survey of the Omani part of Sinai. This survey was conducted by Captain S. F. Newcombe, R.E., later famous in the Arab world, who found "I. I. very obscure, and therefore a valuable underground" when he joined M.I. in Cairo and Turkey came into the war; but Mr. Newcombe, "to suggest that Lawrence and I were secretly working for M.I. before that date is to me a Nabokovian novel ever, an idyll of love". Yet, for Mr. Knightley and Mr. Simpson, Newcombe is here "a word game to stock an ear liner. To appreciate it fully they have this stricture on their should have perfect command of assertion, on evidence dated 1963, that French and Russian, a the prewar work of the Round Table group knowledge of botany and group" has never yet been analysed. "ology, a flair for anagrams. This is, in 1969, untrue. Walter Nimmo, a good deal of patience. (Well ock's *Myth of the Young Men* (1969) not writing for critics is he?) disposes of their assumptions because, ends in delight, it begins in hard It shows that the Round Table group our. This book is clearly the was until the war wholly absorbed in the Waterloos: it's less clear in the task of trying to reconcile in other figures as Wellington or perial unity with Canadian, Australian and New Zealand nationalism, and was a failure. To wit of Hogarth as one of its high points in 1911 on the evidence of quotations dated 1918 and 1919. is to prove nothing. Other "war spy" assumptions lead their misuse or neglect evidence of Lawrence's own, including neglect dates in his letters, and of the ability of the allegedly spy can which is an archaeologist's confusion of its date that can be examined in a museum at Oxford.

The second "life" that derives from fact stems from the assertion that Lawrence, "looking round a trump card to play at Versailles" turned to "a surprising quarter" to the Zionists as possible allies, and William Trevor comes a little the further than before to finding his own wider reading in the public reception, in published books would be Muriel Spark has its root in similar shown the authors that the notion of a provincial capital was no surprise. It had been thought, in 1916 and pushed all through by a band that included several members of Lloyd George's secretariat, so that Lawrence's medievalizing tips, are described in a patronizing way by Mark Sykes, Amery, O'Malley, Gore and others. Advocacy of the Zionists as a pawn against the French and getting them to the Amir Feisal is surely, pimp complaints that "in every public house there were men attempting to talk to you about sporting events"; he thinks "such events a waste of time and energy, being organized by untrustworthy people for the purpose of extracting money from some circumscribed group of simple-minded onlookers". A and have no need of historical fact porter says scornfully of a comment, they do well. For readers' sake: "He is only interested in a taste for unravelling mystery animals racing." It may be felt that solution yet produced of the "S" such talk too freely among his dedication to the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, they have written an excellent chapter on the novel is about "intrusion into straightaway" of Lawrence's friendships—that with Bernard Shaw, and begins with a person Charlotte Shaw. They are home-planning (like the pimp) about they put up many of the old Al Salles, but only to knock them down and come to plain conclusions, as as that Lawrence was killed in an ordinary road accident. If they no special knowledge of his life in the thrasher walked into their own in 1968, they have done a mass research. But they do not know enough history to make the best of their finds, and they are generous to a degree to Lawrence's British seniors and companions out to demonstrate what fiction arms during the war. In this respect they have written the book of their own characters, its unclouded use of their own words. The central character and reader with their footnotes and the occasional narrator is uncertain of access to research all over the world, and having chosen to re-roll. But they will irritate a certain in the transit-tongue of an with their boasts of digging up Israel of facts that have since been easily available in Dr. Weir's or a future. The hero(ine), as mann's memoirs, with their undated footnotes, their unattributed quotations from secondary sources, and wrong facts and wrong references, parades which present familiar con-one of them to a quotation as easy temporary dilemmas in a variety of to cheek as is the Psalm of David (Psalm 137) and journalistic forms: that is on the arms of Oxford University, instant history, like instant sauce and instant coffee, is fit for consumption, but not for connoisseurs.

# Nabokov's Waterloo

VLADIMIR NABOKOV: *Ada*. 589pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42s.

any author worth parodying will sometimes achieve self-parody (*Sor-lo, Pericles, The Golden Bowl*, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, *Invitation to a Beheading* and *Invitation to a Wedding*). Mr. Nabokov's solution is sprightlier: he sets his story in Estotiland, a stretch of North America, largely settled by Russians. It is, in his own words, "a tattered protectorate still lovingly called 'Russian' Estotia, which comprises, granoblastically and organically, with 'Russian' Canada, other-wise 'French' Estotia, where not only French, but Macedonian and Bavarian settlers enjoy a halcyon climate under our Stars and Stripes."

For a start, he has invented a new word. Nothing so vulgar as science fiction, but an anti-Terra, the world it should have been arranged, Mr. Nabokov has long been irked, it

## Aerial photography

WILLIAM TREVOR: *Mrs. Eckdorf*. In O'Neill's Hotel. 304pp. Bodley Head. 30s.

being addressed by a stranger. They are flying to Ireland; the man is reading his paper, the woman who wants to talk to him is a photo-journalist, anxious to make a "human-interest" story, a feature or perhaps a glossy-picture book, out of the inhabitants of a Dublin hotel she has heard of. This woman, Mrs. Eckdorf, is made to seem very irritating and overbearing. The author describes her with great hostility; she is punished severely for her impertinence, and ends in a mental hospital. The idea is sound; we remember James Agee's sincere (if, perhaps, overwrought) expressions of guilt about his photographing on poor sharecroppers in the Southern States. But here the whole situation is grotesquely exaggerated, and there is a tiresome old priest, Father Hennessy, to hate and rebuke the photographer with righteous passion.

Another unwelcome visitor to Dublin is Mr. Smedley, a businessman from Liverpool who is looking for a prostitute. In a bar, "he was only wondering, he added, what the facilities were for a man of vigour in this present city. . . . The barman requested him to leave his bar". Smedley too is severely punished by the author. But more puzzling than Mr. Trevor's high moral tone is the extraordinary language used, rather like a parody of a policeman's court evidence. "Facilities" is a favourite word. A man tries to get a baby looked after in a convent; the nuns

they put up many of the old Al Salles, but only to knock them down and come to plain conclusions, as as that Lawrence was killed in an ordinary road accident. If they no special knowledge of his life in the thrasher walked into their own in 1968, they have done a mass research. But they do not know enough history to make the best of their finds, and they are generous to a degree to Lawrence's British seniors and companions out to demonstrate what fiction arms during the war. In this respect they have written the book of their own characters, its unclouded use of their own words. The central character and reader with their footnotes and the occasional narrator is uncertain of access to research all over the world, and having chosen to re-roll. But they will irritate a certain in the transit-tongue of an with their boasts of digging up Israel of facts that have since been easily available in Dr. Weir's or a future. The hero(ine), as mann's memoirs, with their undated footnotes, their unattributed quotations from secondary sources, and wrong facts and wrong references, parades which present familiar con-one of them to a quotation as easy temporary dilemmas in a variety of to cheek as is the Psalm of David (Psalm 137) and journalistic forms: that is on the arms of Oxford University, instant history, like instant sauce and instant coffee, is fit for consumption, but not for connoisseurs.

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They will impress any uninformed reader with their footnotes and the occasional narrator is uncertain of access to research all over the world, and having chosen to re-roll. But they will irritate a certain in the transit-tongue of an with their boasts of digging up Israel of facts that have since been easily available in Dr. Weir's or a future. The hero(ine), as mann's memoirs, with their undated footnotes, their unattributed quotations from secondary sources, and wrong facts and wrong references, parades which present familiar con-one of them to a quotation as easy temporary dilemmas in a variety of to cheek as is the Psalm of David (Psalm 137) and journalistic forms: that is on the arms of Oxford University, instant history, like instant sauce and instant coffee, is fit for consumption, but not for connoisseurs.

seems, by the inconvenient separation of his native and his adopted country. Why were there no Chekhovian house-parties in North America, or no enduring freedoms in Russia? The first problem drove Henry James to Europe, the second reduced Pasternak to years of self-imposed silence. Mr. Nabokov's solution is sprightlier: he sets his story in Estotiland, a stretch of North America, largely settled by Russians. It is, in his own words, "a tattered protectorate still lovingly called 'Russian' Estotia, which comprises, granoblastically and organically, with 'Russian' Canada, other-wise 'French' Estotia, where not only French, but Macedonian and Bavarian settlers enjoy a halcyon climate under our Stars and Stripes."

Its inhabitants also enjoy a pleasing kaleidoscope of anachronisms, like the Wellian visions of a benevolent physics student: aeroplanes without bombs, ducks and telephones, carriages and cars, all commingled (organically if not granoblastically) in a dream of 1890-ish cultured luxury. Mr. Nabokov's anti-Terra shows

what God could have done if only he had had a little more education.

The stage exists, however, to be worthy of its characters: the Russo-Irish-American or Estotian family of the Veens, notably brilliant Van and his first cousin Ada. The Veens, like the Ptolemies, are too good for anyone but each other. Even as children, they cast off a dazzling succession of erudite quips. Precocity is all. Their first meeting—Van 14, Ada 12—quickly develops into that familiar Nabokovian routine, shattering sexual first love. On Ada's parents' country estate they copulate like monkeys, tracked by a younger sister who threatens to spoil the fun. The adolescent's mixture of lust and idealism has never had such an outing. Narrator Van recalls every nervous sappiness: Ada, correcting his manuscript in old age, asks "why are you doing your best to transform our poetical and unique past into a dirty farce?" "If people remembered the same," he replies, "they wouldn't be different people." On some anti-anti-Terra, maybe, Ada is composing a novel called *Fun*, which

Render unto the Upper Fifth the things that are the Upper Fifth's like some of Pound's Greek puns. But Nabokov throws them on to every page: "the rose" (rose of Eros), "Mexico" (Oxmeia), "the sunglasses of the sung losses", until the final effect is not lofty erudition but Victorian facetiousness. A trilingual Thomas Hood is still a dangerous bore.

Trilingual Scrabble is a characteristic Veens diversion. A few letters disappear from the board: The missing A eventually turned up under an Aproned Armchair, but the D was lost—taking the taste of its uncorrupted double as imagined by a Walter C. Keyway, Esq., just before the latter landed, with a couple of unstamped postcards, in the arms of a speechless multilingual in a truck coat with brass buttons. The wit of the Veens buys Ada a marginal note knows no bounds.

The characters in O'Neill's hotel, upon whose privacy Mrs. Eckdorf intrudes, consist of an old woman, deaf and dumb, her family, friends and staff who converse with her by writing in exercise books. Mrs. Eckdorf thinks she can make an interesting, even moving story out of this situation; she is inclined to give it a religious significance. But the furious priest tells her: "These people live ordinary lives. You are making an ordinary thing seem dramatic when it is not that at all." He seems to be suggesting that these people lack any significance for a writer or artist. Admittedly they are not strongly realized in this novel; perhaps a photo-journalist, even the vulgar, emotional Mrs. Eckdorf, might have done better.

ever framing yourself and bridling, opera, in the proscenium arch of the formality of your conventions." For while the characters of fiction perform arbitrarily and obligingly for us, we must contend with experiences which get no help or comfort from the contrivances of art, from its reliance on coincidence for instance. Art lets us down even as it delights us.

Brigid Brophy is a formidable persuader, not easily tripped up and certainly aware that many a reader will take her book as proof that novels do depend for the sort of life and vision we expect of them on just those conventions which she is questioning. What is strange, though perhaps predictable, about the novel is that though it affords pleasure and interest in the reading, very little remains of it afterwards. The novel has so effectively immolated itself in its own cause that what life it has left is imprisoned between its covers.

might be an equally faithful reconstruction. There is much shadow-play with time, memory, and truth. ("On fait son grand Joyce after doing one's petit Proust", states another of Ada's marginalia, with more accuracy of aim than of italicization. The style is catching.)

So far, so good. It is easy to accept, and easier to enjoy, the celebration of this miraculous world, of Ada's and Van's sensual preening, of their lifelong mutual obsession (and their lives, like their sentences, are very long). Two obstacles then intervene, or inter-Veen: their absurd self-admiration, and the constant drip of their creator's verbal ingenuity. To take the second first: it may be worth illustrating Ada's precocity with this neat little bilingual joke:

Co beau jardin fleurit en mai.  
Mais en hiver  
Jamais, jamais, jamais, jamais.  
N'est vert, n'est vert, n'est vert, n'est vert.

Render unto the Upper Fifth the things that are the Upper Fifth's like some of Pound's Greek puns. But Nabokov throws them on to every page: "the rose" (rose of Eros), "Mexico" (Oxmeia), "the sunglasses of the sung losses", until the final effect is not lofty erudition but Victorian facetiousness. A trilingual Thomas Hood is still a dangerous bore.

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For the interest of Günter Grass in his time and place and the reflected light his political work throws on England, I highly recommend it"—Gudrun Tempel, *The Times* 66s.

There is presumably a solution to this rebus (entries on a plain postcard). But the Veens' self-congratulation is a nasty warning. Van of course is not only brilliant in study but at all games, and performs miracles of manimambulation, combining a successful circus act with a career at Chose College, England. His asides might come from *An American Dream*: "In my professional work, in the laboratories of pathology, I have devised myself many a subtle test (one of which, the method of determining female virginity without physical examination, today bears my name)." Ada's infidelities are grounds for high-style jealousy—though the duels are ludicrously side-stepped in a passage of microscopic comedy worthy of Quilly's last hours. But Van is permitted a broader, more seigneurial range. His heart remains true: "those false romances soon (fatigued him; the indifferently plumed palazzina would soon be given away, the badly sunburnt girl sent back". The explanation? "His love for Ada was a condition of being. . . . He would have promptly plunged into boiling pitch to save her just as he would have sprung to save his honor at the drop of a glove." It might be Lord Peter Wimsey.

"That precision of senses and sense", writes Van of his own feelings, "must seem unpleasantly peculiar to peasants." Haughty boy; and foolish, too, since so much of the precision is random synaesthesia or verbal roughness. One can recognize in *Ada* the high point of a style, a stance, or a distillation of pedantry. If literature was invented for critics to practise on, *Ada*, like *Finnegans Wake*, might crown the arch of European writing. It is, like *The Golden Bowl*, a hard read. Perhaps for that reason, true Nabokovians should find it his masterpiece. The peasants may grumble.

## MAX NETTIAU

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## Behind the masks

MILAN KUNDERA: *The Joke*. Translated by David Imlay and Oliver Stallybrass. 296pp. Macdonald. 35s.

Although concerned with life in Czechoslovakia over the past twenty years, this modestly novel reflects, even in local details, aspects of growing up in Britain during the same period. Ludvik, a Moravian Slovak, is genuinely committed to the accepted ethics and ideals of his society. But he is a joker, with an air of scepticism who gets into trouble for his smile. The straight-faced conformity of the "keenness" of school or regimental spirit these are qualities which Ludvik finds hard to mine. His disability would be called "dumb insolence" over here. In 1948 he is expelled from the university for supposedly rebellious political opinions: he is held to be a Trotskyite, and contrasted with war heroes who gave their lives. Having lost his university grant, he must do his national service and is put in the awkward squad, where his mates are doggy, wild boys of shaming background. He discovers that in the army, the worse you behave, the easier your life. There are some dreamy country boys who cannot comprehend the army; there is a calm, untroubled pacifist; but, for the most part, the lads act like Schweik.

There is another soldier, though, a young pig who wants to be keen, and whose keeness is not accepted by superior officers. Refusing to play Schweik, the pig gets the worst of both worlds. Ludvik does not like this. Schweik is not a good enough model. "I detest with all my heart fraternal feelings based solely on mutual recognition of a similar baseness," says the joker, seriously. On release, he takes a belated degree and gets a job in an institute offering research facilities for journalists. Here he meets a woman who is married to the successful careerist, Zemanek, who long ago wrecked Ludvik's youth by getting him expelled from university. Ludvik is now (in 1967-68) a cynic with guarded tongue and bitter memories. He decides to seduce this woman, who does not appeal to him, in order to revenge himself upon Zemanek.

That is the basic plot. Most readers are likely to sympathize or identify with Ludvik, until reaching the ugly seduction scene, where he uses the plain, aging, excited woman so pitilessly. Perhaps, there really was something wrong with the "joke" which caused Ludvik's expulsion, something wrong with his values and "sense of humour". He had sent a keen young Communist girl an open postcard: "Optimism is the opium of the people! The

healthy atmosphere stinks! — Long live Trotsky!" He sent this at a time when most young Communists were conscientiously optimistic, with "an ascetic and ceremonial joy — Joy with a capital J". But these fellow-students were "adolescent fakes", concealing immature faces behind the mask of the hard, ascetic revolutionary. Ludvik claims to see the same characteristics in the boyish C.O. of his army unit, posing as hero of a cheap thriller. "The young man of iron nerve who outwits the criminal gang". A concern for the "terrible irresponsibility" of posturing youth is a main theme in the novel. Another is Ludvik's straightforward grasping behaviour towards women, equally irresponsible but with no pose. A strange, simple girl falls in love with him during his military service; he breaks out of barracks and gets to her bedroom, assisted by local working-men, but she fights him off and he is bitter. This forebodes his unloving assault on Zemanek's wife.

This woman, Helena, is a study kind of Socialist, proud of her "democratic puritanism", posing as a lover of everything down-to-earth and proletarian. She too has a dislike for modern youth and thinks that the old Stalinists who reshaped Czechoslovakia after the war against the Nazis were not so bad as it nowdays made out. A more interesting defence of the Stalinists is put up by Koska, a Christian who holds that "the revolutionary era from 1948 to 1956" was a time of religious zeal, closer to his heart than the 1960s, an age of ridicule, scepticism, and corrosion, of ironic intellectuals and "the mob of youth". In Koska's idealism, his longing for collective unity, his obedience and self-criticism, may be seen the link between Christianity and Marxism which the Polish philosopher Kolakowski discusses with such concern — each an inspiring faith and a repressive church.

Koska's saintliness and humility has won him the love and the body of that strange girl who fought off Ludvik. She represents something mysterious in this book, a capacity to make people drop their posing and role-playing. This connects with another important theme, concerning Jaroslav, the leading fiddler in the local cymbala band, a folklorist. An old schoolfellow of Ludvik's, he used to play jazz with him, was annoyed when Ludvik became a Communist and behaved "as if he had made a secret pact with the Moravian cymbala, folklore and country customs, following Stalin's demand: 'Socialist content in national form.' But then Ludvik

turned against this official antiquarianism, this careerist music. Jaroslav was annoyed again to find that Ludvik found the modern folk-songs, officially sponsored, "wretched, imitations, absolute fakes".

All this is set out in seven subjective narratives, three being monologues by Ludvik, two by Jaroslav, one by Helena, one by Koska, moving lucidly back and forth in time, neatly juxtaposed and interrelated. The eighth chapter is called "Ludvik-Jaroslav-Helena", and cuts back and forth more speedily, describing what happens on the day when Ludvik comes back to his home town and his old school-friends to see the ancient ceremony of the Ride of the Kings. Ludvik expected to dislike it, this antiquity faked up and sponsored by Stalinist officials; but it's all right now, out of fashion, out of favour. A close careerist Zemanek is present to sneer at it; these days, he is all for swinging youth. The folklore ceremony and the cymbala band suit Ludvik from the sagas, Saxo Grammaticus, now, being pathetic and unpopular, and other chronicles, histories, and interrupted by motor-cycles and harpers, and to this Dr. Davidson "noisy, drunken adolescents". Lud adds an illustrated chapter on the vik plays in the band. The numerous archaeological evidence.

The effect of reading the book are tied into a satisfying final pattern through is one that takes it beyond it would be hard to derive any kind of party line: all four narrators die. There are irresistible reminders of the characters and their public burials. The *Rosencrantzes* and meanings, and the author imposes on Guddensterns of a dozen stories are interpretation. The novel could only rough forward here, passed over have been written in a society where: tales told from different Marxism had been taken seriously, in different countries "Socialism with a human face" can become almost unrecognizable; he merely another slogan, another character is now men, now gods, pose. Milan Kundera offers several ow monsters; historicism is folded kinds of human face, unmasked by his gentle but rigorous intelligence.

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# Sitting in and bashing in

JERRY L. AVORI and others: *University in Revolt*. Edited by Robert Fradman. 307pp. Macdonald. 42s.  
HARRY KIDD: *The Trouble at L.S.E.* 1986-1987. 180pp. Oxford University Press. £2.5s. (Paperback, 25s.).  
JOSEPH TUSSMAN: *Experiment at Berkeley*. 130pp. Oxford University Press. 42s. (Paperback, 15s.).  
ANTHONY RYLE: *Student Casualties*. 152pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. 30s.

Student revolt, like almost everything else, has its national styles. The French improvise brilliantly and produce witty slogans; the Germans are grim and systematic; the Italians are around chaotically and noisily; the Japanese, equipped with staves and shields, engage in almost ritualistic violence; the British are half-apologetic for causing a disturbance. As for the Americans, they judge by *University in Revolt* specialize in bad language.

The main slogan of the radicals in the troubles at Columbia University last year was "Up against the wall, motherfucker!" Their leader, Mark Rudd, originally used it in a letter he addressed to the university president, Grayson Kirk. A quotation from a poem by LeRoi Jones, it is the standard threat employed by the New York police when engaged in "cleaning up" operations in Harlem. Screamed at members of the university administration even by the young ladies of Barnard College, it is certainly the most remarkable expression ever to proceed from the mouths of people claiming membership of an intellectual elite. It is not the only evidence provided by this book to suggest that the white radical leaders were a pretty nasty lot, quite unscrupulous in their exploitation of the discontent and frustration of a few hundred badly mixed-up kids. Only the blacks, who kept their movement as separate as they could from that of the whites, subjected themselves to the kind of discipline which is the hallmark of the serious revolutionary as distinct from the undifferentiated "radical".

It cannot be said, however, that anyone comes particularly well out of this deplorable story, told in great circumstantial detail by a team of editors and reporters of the university newspaper, the *Columbia Daily Spectator*. The administration was rigid, unimaginative, remote, secretive, and determined to maintain prerogatives that were wide open to attack by faculty and students alike. The faculty, predictably, was divided, disorganized, and uncertain of the role that it ought to play in the struggle. Between them, administration, faculty, and a body of students which, though fluctuating in size, never constituted more than a minority of the total, succeeded in reducing one of America's major institutions of higher learning to a literally bloody shambles.

The struggle itself centred on a number of issues which came together to form an explosive mixture. Disciplinary arrangements were characterized by an arbitrariness that was offensive even to the mildest of liberal-minded students. The planned construction of a university gymnasium in Morrisville Park, where

black New Yorkers resided, "not only symbolized racist attitudes of white institutions but... also pointed to Columbia's shabby relations with the Harlem community". Worst of all, the university's semi-secret relationship with the Institute of Defense Analyses, which conducted weapons evaluation and other forms of research for the Department of Defense, "coalesced anti-war sentiment on the campus". The leadership of the Columbia chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (S.D.S.) could hardly have wished for more. They seized the occasion to organize an occupation of several university buildings, including President Kirk's own office (with its \$375,000 Rembrandt), from which they were eventually ejected, with a great deal of unnecessary brutality.

The account of the police action makes sickening reading. It transformed a university community into a battlefield and created a deep bitterness from which Columbia will long continue to suffer. Perhaps of even greater significance, however, was the reaction of the great American public to these events. Some of the voluminous "hate mail" received by *University in Revolt*, was "particularly disturbing". As an example they quote the following letter from a resident of Atlanta, Georgia:

How can you bastards expect to occupy property that is not your own and not be thrown out? Tell me! Please, yes! Picket, yes! Raise all the noise you want to! But to seize property not your own don't you know this is not FREEDOM! This is ANARCHY! Worse, it's criminal. Talk about police brutality. I am against it, but when you INSIST on a criminal act, I say, By God, BASH IN YOUR HEADS! Either we have law, or we don't. What's the matter with you any way? How do you justify a 4-year old? How do you justify anarchy? Think you learn to respect law? I am for BASHING IN your head! How else will you learn?

Herbert Deane, the Professor of Government at Columbia, is certainly not exaggerating when, in an appendix called "Reflections on Student Radicalism", he warns the radicals that

the most likely consequences of violent protest by the left, such as the demonstrations led by student "revolutionaries", are... a resurgence in ultra-right-wing movements and an even more widespread swing towards conservatism in this country.

That Mr. Rudd has failed to learn this lesson—or, more probably, that he does not care to learn it—is shown by his essay, "Symbols of the Revolution", published as Appendix II, in which he welcomes a polarization of opinion which, when carried to its extreme, can only result in the destruction of those foolish enough to participate in his strategy of "confrontation".

In comparison with the trouble at Columbia, *The Trouble at L.S.E.* is small stuff. The London School of Economics, although damaged in reputation, has less serious wounds to putation, has less serious wounds to putation, has less serious wounds to putation. Its radical students did not lack. Its radical students did not lack. Its radical students did not lack.

because the issues were by no means as clear-cut. The decision which started the trouble, the appointment of Dr. Walter Adams as Principal, was not an obviously bad one, and could only be presented as such by Mr. Adelman, Mr. Bloom and their colleagues at the cost of a certain selectivity in the development of their case. There was no racial issue to inflame liberal opinion, nor was there any evidence that L.S.E. was in cahoots with Aldermaston or Porton Down.

Nevertheless, the two situations had certain familiar common elements: a rather unimaginative and remote administration, surprised and confused by the violent reaction that one of its "normal" decisions had suddenly provoked, a staff divided against itself, and a small body of organized student radicals determined to widen and exploit to the utmost the gap in mutual understanding that had so unexpectedly opened. Again, no one emerges from the fracas with a great deal of credit, and the extreme vulnerability of a university institution to internal disruption is painfully illustrated.

Mr. Kidd was Secretary of the L.S.E. during the 1968-69 phase of the troubles, of which he gives a careful and judicious account. He naturally displays bias on the side of the administration, but it would be difficult to accuse him of greater impartiality. Perhaps of greater importance, however, is his two-volume narrative, "Reflections and chapters entitled "Discipline" and "Common sense about relations between staff, students, administration and public" than almost anything hitherto published except the Hart Report. For university teachers and administrators these should be compulsory reading.

Only one of Mr. Kidd's suggestions is necessary, at this stage, to put the record straight. It has been suggested by some that his recipe for dealing with student trouble is simply to bring in the police. Such a "solution", it is alleged, can only worsen the situation, as the Columbia example clearly proves. One must remember, however, that—fortunately for us—the London policeman is for us the London policeman, is for us the London policeman, is for us the London policeman.

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alternative of having to close down the institution for which it is responsible or to secure the continuation of its work impossible, has to choose the lesser evil. Which is the lesser can be decided only in relation to the actual circumstances.

*Experiment at Berkeley* is not about student revolt itself, but about a possible means of making it less likely, by providing students with greater educational satisfaction than they normally receive during their first two undergraduate years in an American university. The experiment is a project-type programme, devised and operated by Professor Tussman, to replace the present miscegenation of introductory courses. Based on a number of Great Books, it is problem-oriented rather than discipline-oriented, using "historically clustered" materials derived from ancient Greece, seventeenth-century England and nineteenth-century America. The

underlying assumption is... that there is indeed a common set of fundamental problems and that liberal education is the process by which we become more perceptively and sensitively involved in them.

Professor Tussman argues for his programme in very general terms, with a great deal of available repetition. Although he reproduces verbatim two reports to the faculty on its progress, he provides us with no progress, he provides us with no progress, he provides us with no progress. He provides us with no progress, he provides us with no progress, he provides us with no progress.

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tougher and more disciplined. What should be warmly commended is a Berkeley professor's interest in undergraduate studies and freedom from customary curricular prejudices.

*Student Casualties* deals with student revolt only in one very short chapter, where Dr. Ryle rightly argues that "it seems unlikely that the archaic or authoritarian institution will survive unchanged", and that the refusal to listen seriously to student demands and the failure to concede them a voice can only lead to sterile confrontations and conflicts. This does not mean that faculty should abandon its claim to authority. The rest of the book is concerned with the psychiatric troubles and personality disorders that students experience and with the methods by which they may be treated.

Dr. Ryle draws widely and wisely on his experience as director of the Health Service at the University of Sussex. Far more open-minded and undogmatic than some of his fellow-psychiatrists, he carefully explores the whole range of problems raised by the transition from school to university, the influence of psychiatric peculiarities on academic work and vice versa, and the psychological and social pressures to which the student is especially subject, one of the most important of which is examinations.

Aimed at readers without specialized knowledge, this little book should be of real value to all university teachers who are anxious to build up fruitful personal relationships with their students. It is the great virtue of this book that it is written by a teacher who has always regarded the inter-student relationship as the focal point of the educational process. The problem now is how to strengthen that relationship in a large, impersonal educational agency. On its solution depends not only the future of higher education but the survival of the universities themselves as distinctive institutions.

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Mr. Heeneey tells the story of this achievement in a scholarly but not

alas, in a readable manner. Nothing is said about Woodard as an individual. The facts about his private life are obscure, but it should have been possible to discover a little more about him than a single short paragraph of summary. The story of the schools themselves could have been made much more interesting by the exercise of a little of that "lightness of touch" referred to in the publisher's blurb. We hear, for instance, of too little about Woodard's determined adversary, Charles Portales Gough. This gentleman, who had once been a very sharp thorn in Newman's side, was a letter-writer of a most lively talent, vituperation. The only one of his letters to be reproduced here is, however, mild as milk. For the specialist this book is a useful and well-documented source of information; the general reader, it is an opportunity missed.

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## Happy memories

H. E. BATES: *The Vanished World*. 189pp. Michael Joseph. £2.10s.

Many years ago, Wylan Auden remarked that to write one's autobiography is, for a writer, to live on capital. But, having published sixty-five volumes in the course of forty-four years, H. E. Bates may be assumed to have invested his experience to its full imaginative extent. Now, at the age of sixty-four, he is looking back to examine what provided the soil and climate for his novels and short stories, his inheritance and what he made of it.

*The Vanished World* is the first volume taking him from birth (wrapped like David Copperfield in a caul) to the annus mirabilis, 1925, when at the age of twenty he received a letter from Jonathan Cape accepting his first novel, *The Two Sisters*, addressed to Miss Bates. As the title of the first volume implies, it is the revocation of a way of life rather than the author's own, though he cannot help recalling that vanished world with the vision of his own childhood and youth.

The men in those early years were more important than the women. If his paternal grandfather had done the right thing by his paternal grandmother, his name would have been, like the author of *Sons and Lovers*, Herbert Lawrence. As it was, Mr. Lawrence, the proprietor of a Northamptonshire boot factory, never acknowledged his grandson and H. E. Bates grew up with the maternal side of his parents: a grandfather who was one of the last great bespoke shoemakers, whose largest order was for Little Tich and his smallest for a midge dancer. When bespoke shoemaking packed up, his grandfather started a small holding on back-slacking clay soil, while his own father, Bates, perched his conical hat, thriftily, and Wesleyan methodically in a Rusden boot factory.

Mr. Bates acknowledges his debt to his grandfather for his easy companionship, his unregimented joy in life, and to his upright father with his small library and reverence for learning. Both of them contributed to his upbringing, the father more by sacrifice and the grandfather more by opening up secrets of nature denied to other children in a small town that was nevertheless industrial.

Few children can have been given such a sense of the past as Mr. Bates, was by the genetic interferences of his grandfather, who "would pull up the horse and say with solemn and mysterious emphasis: 'Masterpiece of man, Ploughboy. Used to scare

the crows down there'". The masterpiece of man was Archbishop Chichele, who had like Bates's grandfather started life as a ploughboy in that field. "It was not for some considerable time that I discovered that some six hundred years separated the two local ploughboys."

This wonderful spanning of time gave Mr. Bates the sense of tradition and Englishness, reinforced by being born in the very centre of the island. It must also have enlarged the areas of possibility. If Chichele went to the see of Canterbury, where could not H. E. Bates go? His grandfather hoped he would be a Minister of the Crown, his father a minister of God.

Bates, though naturally a bright boy, took little interest in anything but sport and art at his grammar school until, at the end of the First World War, instead of a schoolmistress he had as English teacher a veteran called Edward Kirby, who said: "Write me an essay on Shakespeare, I mean from your own point of view. Don't tell me he was born in Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564. I already know that."

It was the first time he had been asked to do something in his own way and when he had done it, he knew that he was going to be a writer. Many writers have felt a similar sudden sense of vocation almost as a visitation of the Holy Spirit. Where Mr. Bates's vocation differed, if he is to be believed, is that it was a translation of his love of painting into words. Colour became language. Whereas many writers of fiction believe that they are finding in their work a truth beneath appearance, Mr. Bates thought, and still thinks, that by the exercise of imagination he has made up lies that are truer than ordinary truth.

This is the clue to both the strength and weakness of his writing. He is a lyricist in prose, whose short stories at their best have the perfection of Richard Lovelace or Thomas Herrick. Among the discoveries of his youth he includes Turgenev's *Sportman's Sketches*, but *Fathers and Children*, *Rudin* or *On the Eve* seem to have made no impression on him, because he is less an explorer of the human situation than a painter of the human scene. And how excellently he can depict!

It is the coachbuilder and his art that I most vividly recall. The essence of it all is as remote from our jet-driven world as the chariot-making yards of Rome or Babylon (sic), where the underground stables are huge and expensive enough to contain a fleet of a thousand buses.

But here, in this quiet, symmetrical shaded yard and street, there were

neither chariots nor buses, but only everyday vehicles of both great beauty and utility, all built lightly but for strength, spokes and shafts and rails all varnished and lined down until they looked not unlike the moulded and twisted sticks of rock-spi-rock, we always called it from the habit of its makers of spitting on their hands as they pulled at the malleable ropes of sugar—we bought at fairs and fairs. Traps, huggies, milk-flouts, brakes, butchers' carts, bakers' carts, wagons, wagolettes, landaus, cabs, flies, carriages of ultra elegance: all were there, finished, half-finished, shining with paint and varnish, drying in the sun. No other craft, I suppose, ever contributed so much elegance and colour to the streets of this century as that of the coach-builder. Red, blue, yellow, green, gold, black and even white: the dashing vehicles, still chariot-like, still had the streets as their own. The carcering traps, drawn by high-steppers, the comforting bear-barrel buggies drawn by Shetlands, the vast brewers' drays, the double horse delivery trucks, the charging milk-floats gliding with clumps of brass and silver finish and those gracious landaus and wagolettes in which, according to class and income, you rode out to refresh the summer air.

Like many a painter, Mr. Bates has his favourite colours: "That golden days with my grandfather must have been interspersed with dark and dismal ones I have no doubt; but I find it hard to recall." His selective memories are happy and *The Vanished World* is full of "the smell of wood-smoke, the scent of bluebells, cowslips, primroses and the Maiden's Blush, the Turk's Cape lily and the voices of nightingales". Some readers may find these images pour too readily from the author's pen, his country landscapes more reminiscent of Pre-Raphaelite painting than nature; but others will love *The Vanished World* the more for its preternatural lushness.

A flaw is the author's turning sexagenarianly aside at intervals to lambast the youth of today for preferring drugs to street games or John Osborne for not calling his play "Look Back in Self-Pity". A little more thought and less testiness would have suggested revision. And when *The Vanished World* goes into its next impression, Mr. Bates might like to correct pages 158-9, James Hilton published *Lost Horizon* in 1933 before, not after, writing *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. Though it was well reviewed, it did not go into a second impression until after it won the Hawthornden Prize in 1934. *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* was published in 1934 and was written deliberately to make the money which Hilton thought that *Lost Horizon* should have earned.



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Publication October 30

## Edward Arnold















despatch troops, immediately to intercept the column, an undertaking they accomplished with remarkable speed and success (pages 64 and 77).

(b) The plan of withdrawal. It is easy to be wise after the event but a detailed examination seems to show that nearly twenty-four hours could have been saved. Permission for withdrawal was given early on February 19 and the official historian as well as Wavell seem to think it could have been completed before the bridge was blown at 4.30 a.m. on February 21, four days later (pages 62 and 77).

(c) The failure to provide adequate protection for the bridgehead. I have a clear recollection of setting off a message to Brigadier Smyth to get troops back for this purpose as early as possible. As there is no record of its receipt it is not referred to in the official history. Brigadier Pinn had the same point to Brigadier Smyth (page 66).

(d) The bombing of our own troops by the R.A.F. and A.V.C. (page 67).

(e) The blocking of the bridge for 23 hours by an overturned vehicle (page 68).

(f) The failure to use and the destruction of the power vehicle ferries which had been provided by my orders to meet the contingency of damage to the bridge (pages 65 and 69).

(g) The arrangements made for blowing the bridge over probably to the shortage of engineer personnel and material (page 71).

(h) As regards the decision to blow, all I can add is that I believe the official historian made every possible effort to arrive at the truth.

Finally, in view of the prominence given to the River Sittang in all these letters, it may be mentioned that except near the mouth it was on Brigadier Smyth's own showing a very poor obstacle and could easily be crossed by infantry higher up. It was also close to the only main road and railway communication with Mandalay that this could easily be interrupted once the Japanese reached it. There was therefore every reason for opposing the Japanese east of the River Sittang and subsequently the River Sittang in spite of the meagre and partially trained forces available for the purpose.

With reference to Brigadier Smyth's further letter, published in your issue of September 11, he agrees with me that I did not give the order as quoted by Brigadier Roberts. He quotes, however, a forward to his own book written by Major-General H. E. Davies, with which I do not agree, nor was I consulted. It was not "political" pre-arranged on me.

but military necessity which enforced a forward policy.

As regards the rest of this letter, I suggest that a careful reading of the official history would appear rather to confirm Wavell's view as to the conduct of the withdrawal than to refute it (pages 62 and 77).

THOMAS J. HUTTON,  
5 Spanish Place, London, W.1.

## 'The Dancers Inherit the Party'

Sir,—Rubinstein Nash's reply (September 25) to my letter entirely ignores my main charge against the Fulcrum Press edition of my book *The Dancers Inherit the Party*. This was, that no acknowledgement was made of the Fulcrum Press editions of 1960 and 1962. Since the other errors in the presentation of my book arise directly from this circumstance, may we now have a precise and factual reply?

As for the substance of Rubinstein Nash's letter, *whatever* was in the mysterious package, the relevant facts are that it arrived here on July 3, while the publisher has claimed that my book was published (and that copies had been sold) on June 27 and July 4. Therefore—after the galley proof stage—I was given no opportunity to correct my book before it reached the public.

IAN HAMILTON FINLAY,  
Stonyhatch, Dunstable, Luton.

## Upper and lower Case

Sir,—As an editor who has worked on a fairly wide variety of texts covering various aspects of modern history over the past few years, I must confess to viewing the increasing complexity of the arguments in this correspondence with some sense of dismay. According to Mr. Frank Lelland (September 11), the Anarchist formations in the C.N.T. in the Spanish Civil War were only named since they were "nominally Anarchist-Socialist". Having always understood that anarcho-syndicalism was basically an extension of Anarchist purpose into a revolutionary trade union context, I find it hard to see why an Anarchist should become an anarchist simply because his context changes. Then, why is a communist a Communist? Evidently only when his party membership is fully paid up and accredited. And Trotskyists can only be Trotskyists if the veteran evil acknowledged them personally. This seems hard on, for example, recent Trotskyist movements in Latin America, whose founders can hardly have been out of the cradle at the time of his assassination. If we are to make the same distinction there, who is to judge whether he might have repudiated them or not?

Editors learn to respect what they might term "author's preferences" in a charitable frame of mind, or "quirks and foibles" in less charitable moments, and many authors, even the most distinguished ones, do not always feel too pedantically about practices in capitalization. The important thing is obviously to evolve rules and stick to them, at least from book to book, but in this area we can only too easily find ourselves in danger of splitting hairs in various directions, and the hours of research that could go into getting every detail correct in line with a complex ruling are potentially phenomenal. Meanwhile, there is the observable truism that right-wing personalities tend to use capital letters far more readily than "uncommitted" or left-wing authors, which I think may be an indication of how subjective ideas on capitalization really are.

PIER FORD,  
Thomas Nelson & Sons Ltd, 36 Park Street, London, W.1.

## 'Egypt, the Crucible'

Sir,—In his kind review (September 4) of my book, *Egypt, the Crucible*, your reviewer comments that I devote a chapter to the composition and function of the National Assembly without mentioning in it the "more important subject" of the future of the Arab Socialist Union. To encourage real popular participation in government? I do, in fact, devote some space elsewhere in the book to the ambiguities of this mass political organization, and more to the contributory conservatism of the Egyptian press.

But "real popular participation" in the workaday and often wearisome tasks of government? Enormously desirable, one agrees, but how often, in the modern world, does a decision times and the imaginations of Marxist or anarchist intellectuals, is this, in fact, achieved—and how does one measure it?

England, for instance, has a "free" press, a two-party system, and a long-standing popular political tradition. But has your reviewer looked in on a constituency party meeting, or on a public gallery at a town union branch meeting lately? The Egyptian fellahin and workers, by contrast, have been repressed for centuries; subservience is ingrained and illiteracy still widespread.

Far from not encouraging participation, the Arab Socialist Union's branch-to-Central Committee reservation of 50 per cent of its electoral places for small fellahin and workers in qualification recently tightened up has brought into the political arena many who would not have dreamt of being there in the past. This nation-wide, 35-million-strong political organization has been building for only seven years, during which time there have been many serious distractions. It held its first complete base-to-National Executive elections only last year. Slow, ponderous, uninspired, perhaps. But is it not just a little premature to pronounce verdicts of "failure" to achieve something which eludes even the "advanced" and experienced democracies of the West?

HARRY HOPKINS,  
61 Clifton Hill, London, N.W.8.

JOHN WHITTING,  
40 Great Cumberland Place, London, W.1.

Mr. Whitting has been so busy seeing condescension where there is none that he has mistaken some means of associating the people of Egypt more closely with the government of their country. So far, in my opinion, it has almost completely failed in this task, largely because its members have been allowed so little scope either in shaping or in criticizing Ministerial policies. While I would agree with Mr. Hopkins that the A.S.U. has done much to recruit people who had previously remained far outside the political process, this is to no great purpose if they are given nothing better to do than to take part in the workings of yet another vast bureaucratic apparatus. Seven years, as he says, is a short time, but is there any evidence that the next seven years will be any better?

## 'The Dissenting Academy'

Sir,—The TLS often makes a commendable effort to ferret out those rare members of the academic community who can write perceptively about such un-academic activities as jazz, black power, student dissent, and the avant-garde. But your front-page review (September 11) of Theodore Roszak's *The Dissenting Academy* shows an almost complete misunderstanding of what the dissent is all about.

At one level the review is a moderately competent defence of nineteenth-century higher education—a sort of secret society of the intellectual elite—a counterforce, in which, as in the world of Ross, Milford & Co, the intruder must ultimately give himself away by some inadvertent gaffe. The emphasis is on exclusion, as the circle of contestants plays its elegant cut-throat game of musical chairs around the high table.

But American universities, "where many of those who teach... are indistinguishable... from the car-salesman next door", attempt to include rather than to exclude. This leads to its own set of problems, but not to the anti-intellectual bias of some gentleman scholars who are more concerned with their colleagues' taste in wine than with their professional competence. It is ironic that many an American college with "the most nominal selection standards" has eagerly sought to improve its "character, cultivation [and] life-style" by importing an elegant product of a great English university, only to find itself lumbered with an unproductive layabout whose only contribution, after a year's luxurious holiday, is a condescendingly superior article on American education in a popular magazine.

This anti-elitist expansion has produced a violent stew of conflicting forces which include a still-powerful body of traditional "humanists" (your reviewer uses this emotive word as often and as carelessly as Tariq Ali invokes "pragmatism"), who see the universities as factories whose output must reflect the demands of industry, commerce, and war, reformers who see them as agents of social mobility, and revolutionaries to whom they are the captive tools of imperialism which must be destroyed.

But there is another group, variously though not definitively represented in *The Dissenting Academy*, who have a number of interests in common. First, they are shaking up the classical "filing system" which has dominated the universities since the middle ages and are attempting to bring mutually illuminating disciplines into juxtaposition. They share with your reviewer a distrust of "pragmatic" education and are particularly sensitive to the threat

of increasing control by government and industry (although they are also aware that the universities have never been tolerated when their opposition to power became too effective: "The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse..."). And third, the unforgivable sin, they publicly attack their colleagues who sell themselves to the highest bidder. Some of the academics who have actively contributed to the Vietnam War may only have had "a different version of historical progress" but others, thoroughly exposed and documented in several well-researched articles, have behaved with utter contempt for "humanism", "culture" and "scholarly detachment". And they have been very generously rewarded for it.

*The Dissenting Academy* does not comprise a closed system with a logically coherent philosophy. One may certainly take exception to one or another of its members' statements, as they frequently do with each other. And reviewer should be free of course, to reject them in toto. But they should at least be considered within the context of their own university system, not merely measured against the standards of a self-perpetuating cultural elite who do not represent the most significant developments in higher education, even in their own country.

JOHN WHITTING,  
40 Great Cumberland Place, London, W.1.

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## Byron on Job

Sir,—There has recently come into my possession a copy of POETICAL REMAINS/OF THE Late Henry Savill Shepherd, Esq., of Coxhoe Near Plymouth, Selected and arranged By The Rev. Joseph Garton, B.A., Principal Curate of Millbrook Chapel, Devon, Devonport: W. Byers, Print to His Majesty, Fore-Street./[Not Published] 1835.

Page 53 consists of a poem: "JOB/iv. chap. 15-21 verses." On a job in manuscript is the following inscription: "This is by Lord Byron and not by Henry Savill Shepherd vide comenda opposite page 210. By Lord Byron. The last piece in Hebrew Melodies in my edition of Lord Byron's Works published by John Murray 1868. W. H. Garton.

The corrigenda opposite page 210 read: "The poem on Job, page 53, by a distinguished Author, was inadvertently sent to the press by the Editor." This curious publication of Byron poem does not seem to be recorded in any of the records of Byron scholars. G. S. MANNERS,  
2 King Edward Street, Oxford.

## Nostromo

Sir,—A small crux in the text of great novel. In all the recent editions of *Nostromo* that I have seen, Solih (Pl. III, Chap. IX), explaining away the killing of Señor Hirsch, uses the word "Ah! he had confessed everything, his treacherous Jew, this *hishon*." The edition, however, of 1904 (page 383) has "Solih" not "fractious" and it seems to me is almost certainly the word *Contund* would have employed in this particular context.

MORCHARD BISHOP,  
Velthams, Morebath, near Tiverton, Devon.

## The trivial passages of life

PAUL DELANY: *British Autobiography in the Seventeenth Century*. 198pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 40s.

Professor Delany's is a tantalizing work, full of rich vistas and fascinating prospects, down which the reader is never taken quite far enough. He designates a field of "seventeenth-century autobiography" which he methodically examines, first under the head of religion: Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Sectarian; and second under that of "secular autobiography", divided into those written by "individuals" and those written in the "objective mode", chiefly by soldiers, travellers, and statesmen.

The title makes ambitious claims to span the century, but it is obvious that the author's main interest lies in the first half of the period. The introduction declares the intention of providing "the scholar with a guide to what the term 'British seventeenth-century autobiography' really designates". But both the bibliography and the choice of works for discussion are more than a little selective—Isaac Pennington's *Account of my Soul's Travels towards the Holy Land* is not mentioned, Temple's *Memoirs* do not appear, John Dunton's amusing *Voyage round the World* receives no more than a passing reference, and Francis Kirkman's *Unlucky Citizen* does not feature at all. This is a pity, because Professor Delany has too little to say about what might be called the "picaresque autobiography", written, like Kirkman's, "for the Meridian of the City, chiefly for City Readers".

The vistas and prospects Professor Delany offers us are of another book, of which the chapter on the Renaissance and on the "Rise of Autobiography" in the present work provides a sketch. He is clearly fascinated by the cultural and social forces which underlie the manifestation of "individuality" in autobiography, and by the development in this period of what he calls "self-concepts". That is a major study to which this book is no more than a preliminary.

Regrettably it bears all too brightly its academic mantle. Not only does this affect the method of exposition, sometimes annoyingly cut-and-dried: it also stamps the very question he sets out to answer about the meaning of the term autobiography. As the author himself points out, the word autobiography was probably coined by Southey in the *Quarterly Review* in 1809. It was not a recognized genre in the seventeenth century, and there is a risk of both anachronism and tautology in attempting to apply a modern category to attain an academic understanding of what that category "really designates"—in the context of the seventeenth century. (One might equally write a study of the crime thriller from Gamaliel Bailey to Richard Head.) In dissecting

the chimera of "seventeenth-century autobiography", Professor Delany is diverted from his far more interesting study of the development of "self-concepts" in literature, and he is led to exclude useful literary material—diaries, memoirs, conventional biographies and historical works, incidental passages of self-revelation—simply because they do not fall within the definition of autobiography.

It is unfortunate that he holds this notion so firmly in mind that he fails to bring out the important role of biography—an accepted literary form—in shaping the self-consciousness out of which arose the modern autobiography. The development of both forms has rested upon the principle that a man's doings are worthy of record for their own sake, and not for the sake simply of example. Dryden's commendation of intimate biography in the *Life of Phaulcon* (1683) is also a justification of autobiography: the biographer, he declares, can profitably descend into

minute circumstances and trivial passages of life... You are led into the private lodgings of the Hero: you see him in his undress, and are made familiar with his most private actions and conversations. You may behold a Scipio and a Lullus gathering Cockle-shells on the shore, Augustus playing at bounding-stones with Boyes; and Agastinus riding on a Hobby-horse among his children. The Pageantry of Life is taken away; you see the poor reasonable Animal, as naked as nature ever made him; as made acquainted with his passions and his follies, and find the *Demy-God* a Man.

With all these faults, this is nevertheless an exciting and useful work, particularly in its discussion of Renaissance "individualism", in its consideration of the social class and autobiography (where his conclusions are negative), and in its remarks about the secular autobiographers. Now that Professor Delany has written up his thesis and had it safely published, we must all look forward to his further studies of the underlying cultural factors which perhaps connect the autobiography of Herbert of Chesham with the self-portraits of Dürer and Rembrandt.

# Crisis of the seventeenth century

A. D. LUBLINSKAYA: *French Absolutism: The Crucial Phase*. Translated by Brian Pearce. 349pp. Cambridge University Press. 24.

It comes as something of a surprise to find a Russian book on a short period of French history appearing in an English translation, when it would have seemed more appropriate for it to be published in French. However, any translation is better than none, and readers in this country at least can have nothing to complain about. In fact the title of Professor Lublinskaya's book is rather misleading, and its contents are very far from being a tidy and coherent whole. The first 100 pages are devoted to an examination of the "general crisis of the seventeenth century" controversy, and are followed by four chapters on French history which discuss the economy, the Huguenot problem, the financiers, and the reform programme presented to the Assembly of Notables in 1626. There is surprisingly little connexion between the theoretical discussion of the first section and the detailed analysis of the second, and they could very well have been published separately.

The lengthy discussion of the "general crisis" is revealing of both the strengths and weaknesses of contemporary Russian historiography. The problem is tackled with a real sense of its importance, and a closely argued investigation gives a very full picture of the difficulties involved. But too often the argument degenerates into tedious Marxist dialectics, and preconceived notions are

imposed on the evidence: while elsewhere Marx and Lenin are cited as the sole evidence for erroneous generalizations. These pages are hard going, and although at times they make useful criticisms of the theories of E. J. Hobsbawm, Mousnier and Hugh Trevor-Roper, it cannot be said that they make a difficult topic very much clearer to the reader.

Basically Professor Lublinskaya appears doubtful about the very existence of a "general crisis". Her arguments are most convincing when they are applied to the theory of crisis of the Renaissance state, put forward by Professor Trevor-Roper; but in this field she has little to say that previous critics have not also noted. When the economic crisis of the century is in question, however, her reasons for minimizing its extent and importance are of more dubious validity. Criticizing both Mousnier and Hobsbawm, she proceeds by a similar process: vital parts of their arguments are bypassed, either by vague assertions of the inadequacy of the evidence, or by a denial of its relevance. Having thus isolated a few points, she attacks these, and contends that it is sufficient to demolish the whole structure. It may well be true that Hobsbawm's interpretation of the Baltic trade and Mousnier's view of the modernizing role of the state are both mistaken. But they are more defensible than Professor Lublinskaya's elimination of the population rise as a major factor in the history of the period. Because of this extraordinary position, she misunderstands the agrarian situation, and the mistake is compounded by

her failure to consider the significance of the widening gap between agricultural and industrial prices. This part of the book will be of interest to specialists in the period, but more on account of some useful points of detail than for its general argument.

The first of the chapters on France deals with the economy, and is largely cast in the form of a commentary on the lengthy treatise by Montchredien published in 1615 (and cited last week in these columns by Bertrand de Jouvenel). This is a very odd procedure, particularly as the treatise is an unashamed *plaidoyer* in favour of certain commercial and industrial interests. It is not really very convincing, for example, to be told that Montchredien's observations "categorically disprove" the use of wooden rather than metal tools by the peasantry. Professor Lublinskaya mentions the work of Pierre Goubert, but makes absolutely no use of the important information it contains on the economy. The subsequent works by Le Roy Ladurie and Deyon, to mention only two, published since her book was written, make this chapter completely outdated, except as a résumé of Montchredien's views.

The book suddenly becomes very much more interesting from this point onwards, and Professor Lublinskaya seems much more at home in the political history of the period. Her long chapter on the Huguenot "state within a state" gives an excellent and intelligent account of the royal offensive against this dangerous and obstinate anomaly. She demonstrates how the maintenance

of the "supplementary articles" of the Edict of Nantes was in the interest of the factious nobility as well as the Huguenots, and how successive ministers had to recognize the imperative need to break Huguenot military power. The account of Rohan's problems and tactics is also valuable, but there is perhaps an unnecessary amount of detailed information on the campaigns, mostly derived from a contemporary account published in 1623.

Probably the best chapter of all is that devoted to the financiers, a group which historians have hardly begun to study in detail. Although Professor Lublinskaya does not reveal many new facts, her account of the general financial situation and the nature of the state debt is extremely informative; this chapter will be very useful to students. The author sketches the manner in which the tax-farmers stood at the head of large groups of smaller men, and thus funnelled capital into the state treasury. In the same chapter she demolishes an unpublished Russian thesis which sought to make La Viauville the representative of the "financial interest" in the government, and demonstrates how Richelieu ousted him by shrewd exploitation of his mistakes in foreign policy.

The final chapter examines the early years of Richelieu's administration, from 1625 to 1627, concentrating on financial and economic problems by negotiation with the Assembly of Notables in 1626-27. The failure of this essay in government by consent drove Richelieu back to the old expedients, raising loans and increasing taxes, with unfortunate social and political consequences. Although of more limited importance, this too is a scholarly and interesting chapter, with something new to say. It is rather a pity that it is followed by a short conclusion in which numerous statements are made which have no apparent relation to the argument of the book as a whole. Professor Lublinskaya assigns great importance to the development of capitalist relations, and to undefined "profound changes" in French society between 1610 and 1630, in making the victory of the absolutist state possible. This is a tenuous viewpoint, but it is not really upheld by a book which is at its best when dealing with facts rather than theories.

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# The Royal Library of Brussels

*Bibliothèque Royale: Mémorial, 1659-1969.* 467 pp. 700 B.R. Quinze Années d'Acquisitions de la pose de la première pierre à l'inauguration officielle de la Bibliothèque. 549pp. 600B.R. Brussels: Bibliothèque Royale Albert Ier.

These simultaneously published and sumptuously illustrated volumes, with many plates in colour, have recently been distributed by the Brussels Royal Library. The titles of the two volumes go some way to describing their contents and purpose; in so far as credit for their production can be assigned to individuals, the first is mainly the work of Mme. Claudine Lemaire, the second of M. Herman Liebaers, the dynamic 'conservateur en Chef' of the library.

The basis of its royal appellation, as is put very clearly in the introductory chapter of the *Mémorial*, has necessarily changed several times over the four centuries of its existence, against the altering background of the history of the Low Countries; the earliest extant founding document, of 1559, refers to Philip II of Spain, who had just inherited from his aunt, Mary of Hungary, the manuscripts and books which had come to her from Margaret of Austria. This was essentially the 'Bibliothèque de Bourgogne', and the Royal Library, either in whole or in part, has been known as such at different times. Thus, after the constitution of the modern kingdom of Belgium in 1830-31 and the creation of an independent Royal Library, the manuscript section entered it under that name, the printed books coming from what was known as the 'Bibliothèque de la Ville'.

This union was not in fact accomplished until 1837, presumably because of administrative difficulties, but we do not know what they were, for not many documents covering the intervening period have survived; one of the few established facts is that the number of manuscripts increased enormously, by as many as 7,000, according to one authority, during those seven years, and there is a tradition that this was largely because of the interest taken in them by the new queen. Leopold I's recently married second wife, in this country we can note that one of the most important acquisitions made then was the famous *Beaumont-Harcourt* manuscript at the eleventh Heber sale in February, 1836.

The attachment of the royal family to the library was re-emphasized a century and a German invasion later, at a time when it was becoming clear that nothing but a radical solution could deal with the acute problems of administration and overcrowding which had arisen. After the tragic death of King Albert in 1934, his widow and his successor suggested that the most suitable memorial to him would be an entirely new library to be known as the Bibliothèque Royale Albert Ier. An eponymic 'Fonds' was set up and one of its first tasks was to decide on a site; by the time this was settled, the Second World War had broken out, followed by a second German invasion. Meanwhile the architects went on with their work, and in 1954 the foundation stone of the new library was laid by King Baudouin, who inaugurated the completed building on February 17, 1969.

To celebrate that event an exhibition was opened of the most important acquisitions made in the intervening period, most of them after 1956, the year in which M. Liebaers took up his present post; in the preface to the exhibition catalogue, *Quinze années d'acquisitions*, he writes that the cost to the state of its purchases was nearly 50 million Belgian francs and that the gifts and bequests were valued at more than 5 million—these figures applying only, it would seem, to what was actually exhibited. They may not seem large by comparison with those which might be cited elsewhere, but it must be remembered, first, that Belgium is a small country and, secondly, that the relevant fiscal advantages obtaining in other countries have only been in operation there since 1964.

The *Mémorial*, in addition to the chapters on the early history of the library, already mentioned, and on the work of the 'Fonds' from 1934 onwards, contains separate sections describing the growth of each department of the library: manuscripts, printed books, reserve, prints and drawings, maps and plans, medals, music; the exhibition catalogue describes the new acquisitions under corresponding heads.

Manuscripts, many of them illuminated, comprise the most important section of *Quinze années*, and it is fascinating to observe how the old connexion with England has persisted. From the original 'Librairie des Ducs de Bourgogne' there are in the

Royal Library the thirteenth-century Peterborough Psalter from Charles V of France and a fourteenth-century Apocalypse illuminated in England which belonged to Charles de Croÿ; in 1836, as has been noted, an important manuscript was bought at the Heber sale, and between 1888 and 1900 a number of things were extracted from the Bibliothèque Philippienne; now, in addition to many other items from England, *Quinze années* records two Froissart manuscripts which had been at Clumber (incidentally the stated pedigree of one of them is erroneous) and several manuscripts from Dyson Perrins, including a fifteenth-century Flemish Horse from the first sale, the tenth-century Latin Gospels from the second and the fourteenth-century Gilles li Muisit from the third. Another illuminated text manuscript of the same period which has now arrived in Brussels is the Adenel Roi which had passed through the La Roche-Guyon sale in 1927 and, most excitingly, the Royal Library was able to bring home, from the Loncle sale in 1960, the fifteenth-century *Vita Christi*, with miniatures attributed to Loyset Liédet, which had disappeared from the Bibliothèque de Bourgogne at some date after 1577 to turn up at a Paris sale of 1887.

The history of the printed books does not really go back beyond the incorporation of the Bibliothèque de la Ville in 1837, followed a year later by the purchase of the 64,000 volumes which had belonged to Charles van Hulthem; other collections were added in the course of the nineteenth century, and rare books were purchased at many auction sales until the outbreak of the First World War. In 1923 a first attempt was made to separate the more valuable books from the rest, but this regrouping did not actually bring about a Reserve précieuse until 1945; it was Franz Schauwers who was finally responsible for this and for the acquisition of a few important early books between 1947 and 1954. More were added thereafter, as can be seen in *Quinze années*, many of them as part of the Nyssen and Solvay gifts, but it is not unfair to say that, relatively speaking, the holdings of the Bibliothèque Royale in the fields of incunabula, sixteenth-century printing and early bindings are weak; there are no Caxtons, no examples of early Mainz printing, very little even of

Colard Mansion, and the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili* 1499 did not enter the library until 1954, the first German bindings ten years later. On the other hand the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are well represented in the Reserve both by older holdings or by gifts or bequests from modern benefactors: the two just mentioned, as well as Jules Jodot and comte de Launoy.

It is not necessary to describe collections of maps and plans, drawings and engravings, medals and coins, and (twentieth-century literature) autographs or the important addition catalogued in *Quinze années*. But special mention must be made of the very strong department of maps, the luxury and out-of-elegance of which goes back to the courts of Burgundy and of the Habsburgs, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. There have been many later accretions, the most important being perhaps the Brussels collection acquired in 1872, of François-Joseph de Fétis, principal of the Brussels Conservatoire and one of the founders of modern musicology, whose collection, excluding Beardsley, Mackintosh, Tiffany and Gaudi—what is, the *thèque Royale* for sixty-five years, international nature of the style. In finally as Conservateur en Chef *Bruegel* Miss Kay justly remarks on 1887 to 1904—*Quinze années* the complex content of his works, thirteen important—and the plates bring out the wealth recently added to this department detail to be found in his paintings.

So much for the past, and the volume on Delacroix views him is little doubt that the present (the nineteenth century's prophet) will continue, whenever they can find it interesting to compare this take advantage of such opportunities. Adelaide Murguía's *Life and* as may prevent themselves of *Adelines*.

fine books and manuscripts in various departments. But in the *Australia* 'Actualities et perspectives', *Voyage to New South Wales* which M. Liebaers winds up in *Almémorial*, he reveals that his H.M.S. occupations with the future are *Sirius*, 1786-1792, 495pp. Sydney: The Trustees of the Public Library of New South Wales, in association with Ure Smith Ltd. In 1788 and all that, the humanities and the sciences, already rich in reprints, is recorded in the first facsimile edition of a First Fleet journal: the 'dépot légal'. In the very last of William Bradley, Hunter's pages he writes of the Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris elle centre de nombreuses collections nationales, ce qui implique une spécialisation et un large éventail de compétences, et il espère que la Bibliothèque Royale, en poursuivant sa tâche, pourra continuer à bénéficier à l'académie universitaire; good luck to him and to his successors.

dedications, inscriptions and indications of provenance. Ornaments kept within the naval discipline of transcription of line of meticulous record, we find the names of an insignificant learn little of the man himself; blamish on this scholarly catalogue here are facts 1786-1792, whose By ending this first part at 1800, I welcome.

clothes the lively period of the Monroes, the Hunters, Spaniards, Goethe and Erasmus Darwin, preparation for the rich flowering of zoological knowledge and speciality in the nineteenth century, and only by one century Professor Cole's book on the history of Comparative Anatomy. May the preparation of the part not be long delayed.

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## Books received

### Botany

CLEARY, F. E. *The Flowering City*. 48pp. The City Press. 25s.

An early report on the trees and flowers in the City of London was that of Fitzstephens in the twelfth century: he wrote of the citizens who dwell in the suburbs that their gardens were well furnished with trees, spacious and beautiful. Slow, too, wrote of the suburban gardens and their trees; and also of the flowers on the houses on saints' days.

Mr. Cleary writes of the trees and flowers to be seen today, a hundred years since the Corporation recognized its duty to provide them. It is an attractive book with nearly eighty photographs; some in colour, and it shows what is being done not only by the Corporation but by churches, banks, city companies, business houses and a railway station. The gardens vary from Finsbury Circus to window-boxes and pavement tubs. Mr. Cleary reckons that there are some 750 trees in the City and that nearly a quarter of a million plants come each year from the Corporation's nursery at West Ham. There are unexpected difficulties: it is the Corporation's policy to avoid obstruction to traffic by putting pipes and cables underneath the pavements. This prevents the planting of trees on them. But Mr. Cleary, who is chairman of the Trees, Gardens and City Open Spaces Committee, hopes no doubt that there can, and will, be an increasing number of trees and flowers in the City.

KERR, JESSICA. *Shakespeare's Flowers*. Illustrated by Anne Ophelia Dowden. 86pp. Longmans. 21s.

In collecting together the various references to flowers in Shakespeare's plays Jessica Kerr has built up a picture of Elizabethan England in which herbs and flowers played an important role. They were valued not only for their culinary uses: marjoram for shedding fragrance when trodden on the floor, lavender for the linen cupboard, other herbs as symbols of constancy, for making love-potions and in witches' brews. The book combines extracts from the plays with much interesting lore, and the plants are beautifully illustrated by Anne Ophelia Dowden.

### History

ANDERSON, M. S. *Peter the Great*. 32pp. Historical Association. 3s. 6d. (non-members).

Mr. Anderson shows Peter the Great in this pamphlet as the largely unwitting creator of a new kind of state. Except for the creation of a navy and the destruction of the Church's autonomy, his reign accelerated processes already begun in the seventeenth century. He holds that Peter was more influenced by foreign examples than Russian historians generally admit, yet the roots of his policies were in Russia itself, and he saw the 'Europeanization' of his country only as a means to an end.

GRAHAM, HENRY GRAY. *The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*. 545pp. A. & C. Black. 25s.

Seventy years ago when Graham published his study of Scottish life in the eighteenth century he wrote that it was concerned 'with details which the historian dismisses with impatience as unconsidered trifles'. His opinion reads strangely now, when social history is treated with far more academic respect. Graham's intimately detailed picture of former Scottish life in town and countryside, in the home, the school, and the church, reappears in a new edition with an introduction by Eric Linklater.

LIVINGSTONE, PEARL. *The Fermanagh story*. 370pp. Emmiskillen: Clogher Historical Society. £3.

A new history of any Irish county is welcome. Fr. Livingstone summarizes what has been recorded of the prehistoric and early medieval periods, and expands his history through the Maguire rule from 1300 to 1600 and the English plantation. He notes that Maguire is still the commonest name in the county and

that most of the settlers were English not Scottish. Since then Fermanagh has been a border county, split by the Erne river and its great lakes between the English and Irish. Fr. Livingstone recounts very fairly the well-known exploits of the men of Enniskillen in King William's war, and gives a very interesting account of the penal years and the liberalization between 1780 and 1870. His nationalist sympathies get the better of his historical perspective concerning the subsequent revision of the communities. His account of changing methods of farming and farm tenure, of old trades and new industries is valuable and informative. His final chapters include a gazetteer and an interesting survey of family origins. He deduces that most of the English families in the county are descended from tenants or retainers who settled there 350 years ago.

PLATT, CYLIND. *Medieval Archaeology in England*. 31pp. Shaftesbury Manor, Isle of Wight: Pinhorn. 12s.

Medieval archaeology is a comparative newcomer as a separate discipline though the numbers of voluntary helpers always available for a dig show that it makes a strong appeal to many people. But the field work needs to be substantiated by work in the research room and it is a help to young researchers that Dr. Platt's short book is designed. Students faced by the formidable resources of the Public Record Office and the less massive but more various collections in the British Museum will benefit by this introduction to them, though it is slightly puzzling that he refers them to Giuseppe's Guide to the P.R.O. manuscripts which, as the bibliography states, has been superseded by the recent *Guide to the Contents of the Public Record Office*. In addition to these two chief repositories, there are useful indications of other, printed sources elsewhere.

WEERAMANTRY, LUCIAN G. *Assassination of a Prime Minister*. 314pp. Literary Services and Production. £2 8s.

The author, a distinguished lawyer, was asked, while he was still practising at the Ceylon Bar, to undertake the defence of the Rev. Jaldewe Somarama, accused—and ultimately convicted—of the murder of Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike, then Prime Minister of Ceylon. The trial inevitably caused a sensation, not only in Ceylon but in many other parts of the world; and one of Mr. Weeramantry's purposes in writing this book is to record the dignified and exemplary fashion in which the judicial system of Ceylon functioned under the most trying and unprecedented conditions. But in addition to this, the author has set himself to explain, against the background of contemporary events in his country, the reasons why the murder occurred, the background of the several accused others of whom were defended by some of his most eminent colleagues, and the political atmosphere in which the trial took place. The entire narrative, skilfully put together, is excellent reading, and a real contribution to our knowledge of one of the most tragic episodes in the history of modern Ceylon.

*Writings on British History*. Vol. 4: *The Eighteenth Century, 1714-1815*. Part I: 29pp. Part II: 390pp. Cape. £7 7s. the set.

The series of bibliographies now coming from the Royal Historical Society is one for which all historians must be grateful, for it can save them much time and labour in searching through library catalogues. In the present volume the descriptive lists record books and articles published between 1901 and 1933 in all fields of eighteenth-century history—a period here considered to extend from 1714 to 1815. It is a highly professional production, where the essential information is provided in the briefest space, fully indexed, and arranged under categories and sub-divisions. In the first part are writings on British political, economic and ecclesiastical history,

&c., while the second comprises those on the Empire as well as diaries and biographies.

### India

GHURRY, G. S. *Caste and Race in India*. 493pp. Bombay: Popular Prakashan. Rs.40.

During the thirty-seven years which have elapsed between the first and this, the fifth, edition, Dr. Ghurye has attained unquestioned primacy among Indian sociologists; and, far from repenting of his earlier opinions, has become confirmed in them because of the amount of new material. The inclusion of this has made the new edition almost a fresh book. The dangers to social progress which the author discerned in the strength of caste patriotism are now, in his view, underlined by a 'hardening' of castes on an All-India basis or of sub-castes into castes on the linguistic basis for economic, educational and political uplift or aggrandisement 'which seems certain to produce, not a casteless, but a plural society. Can this process be checked? Perhaps—if India's statesmen awaken to the position in time.

MELLOR, JOHN W., WEAVER, THOMAS F., LEE, DINA J., SIMON, SHELDON R. *Developing Rural India: Plan and Practice*. 411pp. Cornell University Press. (I.B.E.G.) £5 5s.

There is little that is revolutionary about this book; and its main conclusion, that political and economic development in India is closely bound up with development in agriculture, has long been accepted by agricultural economists in Britain and the United States. Indian opinion, now gradually recovering from the mistakes which led to the all-out pursuit of large-scale industrial projects, is following suit; and there is some hope that the careful investigations of Professor Mellor and his colleagues will prove of real service in helping Indian planners to avoid past errors and to proceed on sounder lines in the future. In the judgment of these American experts, agricultural progress in India has been hindered by five principal shortcomings: weakness in the kind of research which could produce profitable innovation adapted to Indian conditions; over-rigidity in planning, with insufficient allowance for the necessity of pragmatic dealings with limiting factors; excessive centralization, which is now being modified in favour of local controls as the lesson of too much central interference—e.g. in community development—is now being taken to heart; a certain obsession with the public sector to the damage of the role of private initiative; and shortage of trained manpower. Very fairly, the authors point out that in all these directions, the circumstances of the time afford substantial excuses for what was actually done; and that hindsight was required to detect some of the adverse consequences now apparent. Moreover, the increase of food production has at last matched the population explosion. But this of itself is not enough; agriculture in India is still not playing the part that it must play if political and economic growth is to be based upon the only sound foundation which Indian conditions provide.

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### Topography

BENTWICH, HELEN C. *The Vale of Health*. 93pp. High Hill Press. 30s.

Mrs. Bentwich, a former chairman of the L.C.C. and a resident of the Vale of Health since 1931, has written a brief history of the comparatively isolated community on Hampstead Heath which bears that name. The name itself, dates from 1801; Leigh Hunt, best known of the early residents, came to live there fourteen years later, probably (in the author's view) at the house called Vale Lodge; more recent inhabitants include Tagore, D. H. Lawrence, the Hammmonds, Stanley Spencer, Lamb, Goldsworthy, Northcliffe and his parents, and Edgar Wallace. Mrs. Bentwich has carefully gathered together the available information about the little settlement

and the people who have lived there, going back to the manorial records and exploding a number of hitherto accepted myths. She touches on the three hotels and their sad decline—immediately before the First World War one of them was a flourishing Anglo-German club—and also very briefly on the fairground families who are still based there. Though her illustrations are interesting, so that one wishes there were more of them, anybody stimulated to walk around hoping to visualize the past she conjures up will feel the lack of a map.

### Transport History

THOMAS, JOHN. *Greta, Britain's Worst Railway Disaster (1915)*. 143pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. 30s.

All major railway accidents are horrible but that which took place at Quintinshill, near Greta, on the Anglo-Scottish border, was perhaps the most horrible of all British disasters. On a fine May morning in 1915 a troop train carrying fifteen officers and 470 men of The Royal Scots collided head on with a local train; shortly afterwards the midnight express from Euston to Glasgow struck the wreckage at speed. An appalling fire followed and out of a total of 227 persons killed 214 were soldiers; 246 people were injured. As Mr. Thomas explains in his detailed and dramatic reconstruction of the holocaust—and the word is surely permissible here—human error caused it all. The local train was within sight of the Quintinshill signal, yet the signalman and the man he had just relieved forgot it was there and let the troop train through. Both were sent to prison.

### Wine and Food

HOWE, ROBIN. *Far Eastern Cookery*. 262pp. Michael Joseph, for the International Wine and Food Society. £2 10s.

Robin Howe has previously covered more restricted areas or types of cooking, and she has set herself a difficult task in stretching one book all the way from Pakistan to Japan and from Nepal to Indonesia. But it may succeed precisely because it has something from everywhere, and it contains hundreds of recipes which are simple to follow and delicious to eat, as well as more general information about the food of the various countries. Unfortunately there are many instructions which are too vague for such unfamiliar dishes, and Mrs. Howe's title style jars unpleasantly; Elizabeth David has set a standard which is dangerous to attempt if one cannot reach it.

In our notice in these columns last week of *Hawkins of Plymouth* by James A. Williamson it should have been said that Dr. Williamson (not Dr. Black) revised the book before his death.

**University of Nottingham Publications**  
Previously unpublished early version of  
**D. H. Lawrence's**  
**Odour of Chrysanthemums**  
in the annual volume of  
**Renaissance and Modern Studies**

October, 1969. (160pp. 25p. British Isles (26p. post paid) or \$3.50 outside the British Isles (\$3.70 post paid).)

Other articles include 'The Shop-headers' Calendar: A Structural Analysis', by Maren-Sofie Rostvig.

**Lawrence in Love:**  
Letters from D. H. Lawrence to Louie Burrows (182pp. 40p. 47p. post paid).

the most important Lawrence find of recent years: M. Jarrett-Kerr, impeccably introduced and annotated by M. Seymour-Smith.

Copies from Sisson & Parker Ltd., Wheeler Gate, Nottingham.



## VACANT APPOINTMENTS

## VACANT APPOINTMENTS

## Director of Education for the Health Education Council

The Health Education Council is shortly to appoint a Director of Education and seeks applications for the post. He or she will be one of five divisional directors, responsible to the Director General, for the development and operation of the Education Division. Applicants should have wide experience in the educational field but not necessarily solely in educational establishments. An important part of the job will be the development of health education teaching in schools, university schools and colleges of education; also medical, dental and nursing schools. The field of community medicine will require equally detailed attention from the Division. All of these tasks will require the Director to work with tact and authority, as the success of all his efforts will depend upon obtaining the co-operation and enthusiasm of the different professionals involved. This is a completely new post and the Director will be allowed considerable freedom and flexibility in developing the role of the Division. High academic attainments are necessary and equally a practical experience which will allow him to appreciate the problems arising from such diverse fields of activity. The salary is in the range of £3800 to £4400. There is a contributory superannuation scheme.

Apply, quoting reference AA.9 to the

The Health Education Council Ltd

Director General,  
Health Education Council Ltd.  
Lynton House,  
7-12 Tavistock Square,  
London W.C.1.

## LIBRARIAN

The National Coal Board require a Librarian to take charge of library and information services to a wide range of specialist staff at Coal House, Harrow. The library is one of several administered by the Board and offers an excellent opportunity to exercise initiative and to gain experience within a large industrial organization. Preference will be given to qualified librarians or those well advanced in obtaining professional qualifications. Initial salary up to £1,400 with good supporting conditions of service.

Write for application to Staff Manager, Coal Products, National Coal Board, Room 112, Coal House, Lyon Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

## LIBRARY TRAINED ASSISTANTS

Required for the expanding Book List Department of J. Whitaker & Sons, Ltd. publishers of 1141 BOOKS IN THE CUMULATIVE BOOKS, CIVIL, BRITISH BOOKS IN PRINT, PAPERBACKS and TECHNICAL BOOKS IN PRINT. The Standard Book Numbering Scheme operates from the Department.

J. WHITAKER & SONS, LTD.,  
13 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.

## BERMUDA

There is a vacancy for the appointment of ARCHIVIST for the Government of Bermuda.

The appointed officer will be concerned with the custody and preservation of official records and other documents of permanent and historical interest and will be expected to advise Government on all relevant matters.

Candidates who should have a Diploma in Archive Administration or comparable qualification, must have experience in the custody, classification and preservation of historical records.

The appointment will be on contract for three years and salary will be in the range £2310 x 97(4)—£2698 x 127(1)—£2825 x 128(1)—£2953 x 192(1)—£3145 x 193—£3338. The scale of salary is presently under review. The point of entry is determined by qualification and experience.

Free outward and return economy air passages will be provided for the successful candidate, and if married, for his wife and children (to the equivalent of four adult fares in all—children under the age of 18 years only).

Applications with full details of qualifications and experience, age, marital status and the names of three referees should be submitted by air mail, to the Secretary, Public Service Commission, Executive Council Office, Hamilton, Bermuda, not later than 28 October, 1969.

## University of Queensland UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF TOWNSVILLE

### Lecturer in History

The College invites applications for the above-mentioned position.

Qualifications: Applicants should possess a good honours degree in modern history.

Duties: The successful applicant will be required initially to participate in teaching the first year course, Recent World History since 1900, and will also have the opportunity of developing an honours course in his special field of interest.

Salary: Within the range \$4500-\$5700 per annum. In addition, a Northern Allowance of \$460 p.a. is payable.

Date of Taking up Duty: The successful applicant will be required to take up duty only in 1970.

The College provides Superannuation similar to the F.S.S.U. Scheme, housing assistance and study leave. Reasonable travel and removal expenses are payable.

Additional information and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary-General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Agency), 40 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

Applications close in Townsville and Townsville 3rd November, 1969.

## Liverpool Education

### LIVERPOOL REGIONAL COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

BYRON STREET,  
LIVERPOOL L3 3AF

## DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

(£1265-£1485-AP11)

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians who have experience in a technical library. General Local Government condition apply and removal expenses up to a maximum of £400 payable in approved cases. Application forms, returnable to the Acting Principal as soon as possible, available from the Director of Education, Education Office, 14 Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool L1 6BL.

STANLEY HOLMES,  
Town Clerk

## COUNTY BOROUGH OF HARTLEPOOL PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians or students awaiting examination results for the post of GROUP LIBRARIAN.

With responsibility for a unit of two branch libraries, the salary to be paid will be within the Librarian's Scale (a) £1,135 to £1,500. It will be payable in accordance with the relevant scale of the Librarian's Scale.

The Library system is progressing and the post offers experience in branch stock and staff control. Further details are available from the Group Librarian, Central Library, Hartlepool, to whom applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be forwarded by 16th October, 1969.

Stanley Holmes, Town Clerk, Hartlepool.

## EDUCATION COMMITTEE Northern College of Further Education, Moorland Road, Burslem

Principal: M. H. Bradbury,  
C.E.S., M.I.E.E.,  
A.M.I.P.T.E., A.M.B.I.M.

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of

## LIBRARIAN ASSISTANT

in this modern library.

The ability to type would be an advantage.

Salary: Scale AP 11 (£1,095-£1,310).

The appointment is supernumerary, subject to medical examination and is conditional upon membership of an appropriate Trade Union or Organisation approved by the Stoke-on-Trent City Council.

Forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, P.O. Box 23, Town Hall, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, ST1 1QN, and should be returned not later than 15th October, 1969.

H. DUBBIN,  
Chief Education Officer

## SIR JOHN CASS COLLEGE LONDON Librarian

An experienced Chartered Librarian is required to be in charge of the Library of the School of Navigation, Tower Hill, London, E.C.3 (containing of proposed City of London Polytechnic). Duties to start as soon as possible.

Salary: £1,385 to £1,750. Duties and form of application obtainable from the Secretary, Sir John Cass College, Jewry Street, London, E.C.3.

## Assistant in Library

Applications are invited for the above post. A good educational background and supervisory ability would be an advantage. Duties to start as soon as possible.

Salary: £1,000 to £1,070. Applications in writing, together with the names and addresses of two referees to the Secretary, Sir John Cass College, Jewry Street, London, E.C.3.

## LONDON BOROUGH OF WANDSWORTH

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the following posts:—

**SENIOR ASSISTANT:**  
Music Library AP 3  
Knowledge of music and record industry an advantage. (£1,400-£1,630).

## BRANCH CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

(2 posts) AP 2  
Experience of working with children an advantage. (£1,185-£1,400).

Forms from the Borough Librarian, District Library, West Hill, S.W.18. Closes 11th October.

## WEST SUFFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL COUNTY LIBRARY

A qualified and experienced LIBRARIAN is required to initiate and develop a children's book and library service to be established in the town of Bungay. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library, 50 High Street, Bungay, Suffolk.

## SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the School of Oriental and African Studies. Salary: £1,500 to £1,800 per annum. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1.

## NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the National Library for the Blind. Salary: £1,500 to £1,800 per annum. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, National Library for the Blind, 22 London Road, Hove, Sussex, BN1 1PH.

## DUNEDIN PUBLIC LIBRARY

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable qualifications for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Dunedin Public Library. Salary: £1,500 to £1,800 per annum. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Dunedin Public Library, 100 Princes Street, Dunedin, New Zealand.

## ROYAL COLLEGE OF VETERINARY SURGEONS

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable qualifications for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Salary: £1,500 to £1,800 per annum. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, 1, Grosvenor Gardens, London, W.1.

## THE INSTITUTE OF BANKERS

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Institute of Bankers. Salary: £1,500 to £1,800 per annum. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Institute of Bankers, 10 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

## THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in The Times Literary Supplement. Salary: £1,500 to £1,800 per annum. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, The Times Literary Supplement, 1, The Quadrant, London, W.1.

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## LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUSLOW

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Houslow Library. Salary: £1,500 to £1,800 per annum. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Houslow Library, 100 Princes Street, Hove, Sussex, BN1 1PH.

## LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable qualifications for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Tower Hamlets Library. Salary: £1,500 to £1,800 per annum. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Tower Hamlets Library, 100 Princes Street, Hove, Sussex, BN1 1PH.

## ISLE OF MAN GOVERNMENT SERVICE

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable qualifications for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Isle of Man Government Service. Salary: £1,500 to £1,800 per annum. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Isle of Man Government Service, 100 Princes Street, Hove, Sussex, BN1 1PH.

## COUNCIL OF ADVANCED EDUCATION

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Council of Advanced Education. Salary: £1,500 to £1,800 per annum. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Council of Advanced Education, 100 Princes Street, Hove, Sussex, BN1 1PH.

## TASMANIAN College of Advanced Education LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for appointment as Librarian of the Tasmanian College of Advanced Education (T.C.A.E.) which is to be established in a completely new building on Mount Nelson, three miles from the centre of Hobart, Tasmania.

The College will present courses leading to professional employment beginning in 1972 with Architecture, Business and Public Administration, Management, Music and Teacher Education and extending to Applied Sciences, the Creative Arts and Engineering in later years. Other courses being considered for 1972 include Librarianship, Vocational Writing, Legal Practice and Social Work. T.C.A.E. will be staffed and equipped to use the developing technology of education with emphasis on the use of available resource materials by both staff and student.

The Librarian will be Head of School status reporting directly to the Principal and taking an active part with him in determining policies for teaching to ensure effective use of resource materials.

He will be required to establish the Resource Materials Centre providing information services by both conventional and novel techniques using printed material, audio-visual systems and other resources as they develop. He will also supervise and co-ordinate library activities in other Colleges of Advanced Education in Tasmania. Essential qualifications are an appropriate first degree, a qualification in the Library Association of Australia or its equivalent and wide experience in administrative duties. A higher academic degree, a formal qualification in educational administration and experience in electronic storage and retrieval of information are desirable.

The successful applicant will be required to take up his duties early in 1970. The salary is \$4,11,000 p.a. Salaries in Colleges of Advanced Education are currently under review. Provision will be made for superannuation and leave. Purses for the successful applicant and his dependent family and reasonable removal costs will be paid.

Applications giving personal details, qualifications, experience, previous appointments, present position, a recent photograph and names and addresses of two referees should be delivered by 30th November, 1969 to:—

The Secretary,  
COUNCIL OF ADVANCED EDUCATION,  
G.P.O. BOX 169H, HOBART, TASMANIA, 7001, AUSTRALIA.

## Government of Northern Ireland Ministry of Finance LAW GRADUATES

Applications are invited from University graduates in Law for pensionable appointments in the Estate Duty Office of the Ministry of Finance. Candidates should be of British nationality.

**SALARY AND PROSPECTS:** The salary scale on appointment will be £1,125-£1,638. Advancement to the salary scales (a) £1,407-£1,691 and (b) £1,827-£2,205 may normally be expected at intervals of three years.

There are prospects of further promotion to grades with the salary scales £2,195-£2,877 and £2,598-£3,586.

**DUTIES:** The work involves a critical examination of documents, returns and other information with a view to the assessment and collection of duty. It requires not only a close familiarity with the relevant Finance Acts but also a sound knowledge of the general principles of law, in particular the law of property, trusts and contract and interpretation of documents. After training, successful applicants will conduct correspondence and negotiations with the professional advisers of taxpayers.

Application forms are available from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 48 Chichester Street, Belfast, BT1 4JU. Completed forms must be returned by Oct. 24, 1969.

Please quote S.B. 142/68.

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## LONDON BOROUGH OF GREENWICH Senior Library Assistant

Salary Grade AP.2. £1,185 - £1,400 p.a.

Applicants are invited for the above appointment. Preference given to persons having some part of the Library Association Professional Examinations.

Application forms from Borough Librarian, Greenwich Library, Woolwich Road, London, S.E.18. Closing date: 21st October, 1969.

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**QUALIFICATIONS**—Candidates should possess an appropriate University Degree or an appropriate approved Diploma of a Technical College or equivalent institution. Additionally they should have successfully completed the Registration Examination of the Library Association or its equivalent.

**SALARY**—Salary will be within the range \$45178 to \$45783 per year for a man, or \$44750 to \$45356 per year for a woman (£15c—\$A.2.14).

**TRAVEL**—First class air or sea passage will be paid for the successful applicant and family. Assistance may be given in obtaining housing.

**APPLICATIONS AND ENQUIRIES**—Applications or enquiries (quoting reference Librarian) should be forwarded to:—

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Australia House,  
Strand,  
LONDON, W.C.2.  
(Telephone 01-836 2435, Extn. 505)



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## UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

Assistant Directorship of Research in the Department of Slavonic Studies. The Appointments Committee of the Faculty of Modern and Medieval Languages hope soon to be in a position to appoint an

**Assistant Director of Research** in the Department of Slavonic Studies to hold office from a date not later than 1 October, 1970. The person appointed will draw up a comprehensive programme for the teaching of the RUSSIAN language in the University and discharge specified teaching duties in connection with this programme. The appointment will be for three years.

The pensionable scale of salaries for an Assistant Director of Research is £1,930 a year, rising by annual increments of £115 to £2,850 a year. Further information concerning the office and about the reimbursement of removal and travelling expenses may be obtained from the Secretary of the Appointments Committee.

Candidates should send ten copies of their application, together with the names of two or more referees, to Mr. J. F. Bauman, Secretary of the Appointments Committee, Faculty of Modern and Medieval Languages, Sidgwick Avenue, Cambridge, CB3 9DA, so as to reach him not later than 31 October, 1969.

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